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Daily Mirror

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Photograph, and
Paragraph.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING ARRIVES AT PUNCHESTOWN FOR THE SECOND DAY'S RACING.



The King made a second visit to the Punchestown Racecourse, but was not accompanied by the Queen. If possible, he received a heartier greeting than on the occasion of his first visit.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

"QUEEN OF THE HOLLOWAY COSTERS" BURIED.



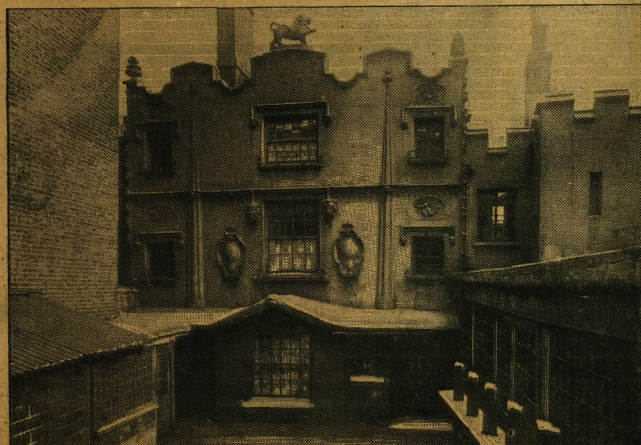
The burial of the "Queen of the Holloway Costers" was a most imposing affair. The procession cost £60, and the coffin was covered with eleven guineas' worth of flowers. The hearse was drawn by six horses, and preceded by mutes and pages. See page 11.—(Photograph by Campbell-Grey.)

THE WATTS' STATUE AT THE ACADEMY.



Those who wish to see Watts's heroic equestrian statue, embodying the great artist's ideas of "The Future," have only, as they pass along Piccadilly, to turn into the quadrangle of Burlington House. The high wooden hoarding which for some time past has hidden the statue has been removed and the great work of art stands revealed to the crowds who daily collect to stare at it.—(Photograph by Campbell-Grey.)

THE NAMELESS PICTURE.



Ask your friends where this is? When you find out, send your solution to the "Picture Puzzle Department," "Daily Mirror" Office. A guinea will be paid for the first correct answer. For yesterday's winner, see page 3.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gust, south-westerly breezes; cloudy generally; humid and mild-air; slight rain at times.

Lighting-up time: 8.30 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate generally. Fog will be in evidence locally.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

The King and Queen yesterday attended Leopardstown races. On the way her Majesty accepted a bunch of primroses from convent children. In the evening there was a farewell dinner-party at the Viceregal Lodge. To-day the royal party journey to Kilkenny. (Page 2.)

Reports are current of a Russian disaster on the Yalu, after two days' fighting, and a Japanese fleet is cruising off Port Arthur. Striking scenes were witnessed at the sinking of the Japanese transport by the Russian ships. Over one hundred Japanese soldiers refused to surrender, and rained volleys from their rifles at the Russians until their vessel sank. (Page 2.)

Irish affairs were discussed in the Commons, the second reading of the Local Government (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill, moved by Mr. Field, being rejected by a large majority. (Page 15.)

Mr. Chamberlain's return to town from Highbury yesterday. The right hon. member, who is quite well, has been advised not to tax his strength too severely, and under these circumstances, will not address so many meetings this year as he did last. (Page 3.)

M. Loubet's visit to Italy concluded yesterday with a review of the French and Italian squadrons off Naples. (Page 3.)

Proboscis was granted yesterday on the will of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the gross value of whose estate is sworn at £120,866. (Page 3.)

Miss Nellie Farren's funeral is to take place on Monday at Brompton Cemetery, when a very large gathering of professional and other friends is expected. (Page 3.)

Intense interest has been created by the *Mirror* picture puzzle. Yesterday's winner was a Blackheath resident. Another picture appears in this issue. (Page 13.)

Mr. Bouchier's production next Tuesday of "The Fairy's Dilemma," which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has written for the Garrick Theatre, bids fair to be the most interesting event of the theatrical season. (Page 13.)

Yesterday was private view day at the Academy. There are not many notable pictures, but decided improvement has been made in the hanging arrangements. (Page 13.)

The Liverpool ex-Alderman, T. J. McAdam, who was yesterday committed for trial upon a charge of perjury and forgery, made a pathetic confession of guilt from the dock. (Page 5.)

Before the Highgate Bench Charlotte Taylor was charged on suspicion with causing the death of a child named Rose, whose body was in June of last year found behind a hoarding. Prisoner, who denies the charge, was remanded. (Page 4.)

In his second article on physical culture as an aid to beauty, Mr. Eugen Sandow deals with the care of the complexion. (Page 12.)

A further stage has been reached in the Westmorland mystery, the analyst having concluded his examination of the suspected cheese. Without prejudice to anyone, Dr. Stevenson finds that the action of the police in the case was justified. (Page 11.)

When the three men accused of plundering stores at Horton Asylum, Epson, appeared on remand, William Norris, an inmate, who had acted as assistant, told a remarkable story. Accused were again remanded. (Page 5.)

Evidence given at yesterday's meeting of the Royal Commission on Street Traffic shows that Cheapside can claim the distinction of being the most crowded of City streets. (Page 3.)

Mrs. Emily Bailey, the coster queen of Holloway, was buried with great pomp and circumstance, the whole of the community being present. (P. 11.)

In the Divorce Court further evidence was taken in the case of Kay v. Kay, in which petitioner alleges she was subjected to ill-treatment at the hands of her husband within a few days from the commencement of the honeymoon. (Page 5.)

Awards for the best three household recipes are published in this issue. (Page 12.)

Mr. Justice Ridley and a jury yesterday heard a claim for £56 made against Mr. W. R. Palgrave, a Sunbury solicitor, by drapers for goods supplied to his wife. The defence—a refusal to be responsible for the lady's extravagance—was accepted by the jury, who found accordingly. (Page 5.)

In a restaurant near the City, health officials discovered a person acting as cook was suffering from smallpox. The premises were at once closed, and the entire staff vaccinated. (Page 4.)

Found lying insensible in a street at Wood Green, a man named Hawkins is in hospital in a critical condition. Two arrests have been made on suspicion. (Page 4.)

Pauper scholars at the West London district school are to have a rifle range. (Page 3.)

In the High Court yesterday Mr. G. W. Gardiner was awarded £350 as compensation for breaking his right arm whilst fulfilling an engagement at the Queen's Hall. Some amusing evidence was given. (Page 5.)

Major Philip Trevor writes on the Cricket Season of 1904. (Page 7.)

Pretty Polly, starting at 4 to 1 on, easily won the One Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket. (Page 14.)

Stock markets, after opening dull, closed strong, all the leading investment stocks being in much favour. The Foreign section maintained its firmness. In Kaffirs a very large business was done. American and Canadian rails lacked support. (Page 15.)

"NAMING THE NAME."

"Where Is It?" Our Newest Picture Puzzle.

AN INTERESTING PROBLEM.

On page 1 of to-day's issue will be found a picture of a building with the heading, "Where is it?" To the reader who is first to answer this question a prize of one guinea will be sent.

Yesterday's "Who is it?" picture had a curious result, as, of the many thousands of replies received, quite 90 per cent. plumped for Miss Nellie Farren, whose sad death on Thursday is the cause of such universal regret. As the picture published can hardly be said to resemble "Our Nellie" at any period of her career it can only be concluded that readers jumped at the conclusion that it was her photograph because her name at the moment was on everyone's lips. A comparison with the photograph of Miss Farren, which the *Mirror* published on Wednesday, would have proved conclusively that the "Who is it?" picture was not intended to represent her.

It Was Miss Hilda Clarke.

The original of the picture is Miss Hilda Clarke, the actress, and the first correct answer received was from Mr. Manger, 3, Ulundi-road, Blackheath, S.E., who therefore wins the guinea.

There were only fifteen correct replies, and one of these came by long-distance telephone from Westcliffe-on-Sea; unfortunately for the enterprise of the competitor it was too late, as Mr. Manger's reply arrived about an hour earlier.

In the incorrect answers nearly every popular actress on the stage was picked on as the original of our picture. Marie Lloyd was first favourite, followed closely by Vesta Victoria, Madge Lessing, Marie Tempest, Lottie Collins, Esmé Berenger, Marie Studholme, Cissie Loftus, Maria Loftus, Mabel Love, Edna May, and Hilda Trevelyan.

Guineas by Post.

A large number of competitors had considerable faith in the accuracy of their selections, and asked that the guinea should be forwarded at once; while one enterprising reader was so confident of being the winner that he personally delivered his answer to our question, which by the way was wrong, and asked if he should wait for the prize. It is as well to mention here that, though there is no objection to the personal delivery of replies, the guinea prize will in all cases be forwarded by post.

It shows how popular the *Mirror* nameless pictures have become that yesterday's replies arrived in countless shoals of telegrams, letters, and postcards from all parts of the country. To-day's picture will prove an interesting problem for readers to solve. The series will continue on Monday.

DE ROUGEMONT AGAIN.

He Promises to Ride a Turtle Across the Channel.

"My future plans?" said M. Louis de Rougemont yesterday to a *Mirror* representative. "Well, when I have given my exhibition of turtle and alligator riding at the Hippodrome, I shall visit all the big cities of your country and then go to the St. Louis Exhibition, where I shall exhibit my powers on a very much larger scale."

"Then?" asked the *Mirror* representative, much impressed.

"Oh, then," replied M. de Rougemont lightly, "then I shall return to England with a turtle I shall bring with me from Nicaragua, and," he added, with a wave of his hand, "I shall ride that turtle across the Channel."

M. de Rougemont is not yet able to announce definitely the date on which he will make his appearance at the Hippodrome, but he hopes to do so shortly. The turtles have not yet arrived, but they are on their way, and as for the alligator, that will be sent from Berlin in a few days.

"I do not want a young alligator," said the great explorer, "a full-sized alligator will give more sport and make a better show. Of course, I will not use harness of any kind. I will use my peculiar power to direct the movements of the beasts I ride."

Cannibal Rites.

Then M. de Rougemont spoke of his travels and wonderful adventures. "Oh, you will hear of me again," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Now my name is once again before the public I will do great things and show my wonderful powers."

Of religion and cannibalism he also spoke. "Cannibalism," he declared, earnestly, "is purely a religious rite. I am now a member of the Church of England, and I take part in all its religious rites; I was a cannibal, and I adopted their creed entirely. It is quite a mistake to imagine that cannibals exist entirely on human flesh. If a chief is killed every member of the tribe is bound to eat a piece of his flesh, even the children. Supposing a tribe is 1,000 strong—a very small estimate—you will see that there will be a very small piece of flesh for each."

"But they eat strangers, do they not?" asked the *Mirror* representative. "Is that part of their religion?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "You see they always think that a stranger is endowed with desirable powers and qualities which will become theirs if they eat him."

"Then how, with your wonderful powers, did you escape being eaten?"

M. de Rougemont leaned forward impressively. "I made a sign," he declared, "and they knew I was one of them."

The Hippodrome performance will be the least of the many wonderful things M. de Rougemont is going to do. If the directors of the Crystal Palace will allow it, he will give exhibitions of turtle and alligator riding on the lake there. He is a man of great projects, not limited by small ambitions.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HEALTH

Advised Not to Address Too Many Meetings.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has been spending the week quietly at Highbury, returned to London yesterday afternoon. He was accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain.

A Birmingham correspondent telegraphs:—The right hon. gentleman, though as deeply concerned as ever with the progress of his fiscal policy, will not address so many meetings this year as he did last.

He has been advised that it will be most unwise for him to tax his energies to the extent that he did last autumn. Applications to address meetings are reaching him from all parts of the country, but beyond the few engagements which he has already made he is not likely to add any to the list.

It is his intention to speak at Birmingham on May 12, but the tariff propaganda work will be mainly left in the hands of the numerous organisations which have been established for that purpose as well as by many of the Liberal Unionist organisations.

TSAR'S GLOOMY HOROSCOPE.

Modern Wizard Predicts Bad Fortune for Ruler and Country.

"Modern Astrology" sets forth a deplorable horoscope for the Tsar of Russia. The wizard says:—

"Nicholas II. is in himself a humane and peace-loving monarch, but he is in the clutch of destiny, and has very little opportunity to exercise his own free will. He is 'individually' fated, the Sun applying to the opposition of Saturn after leaving the cusp of the mid-heaven. The obstacles in his path are insurmountable, as a study of his nativity will clearly indicate.

"This war 'the beginning of the end' for the Tsar; indeed, it is an open question if he will live to see its end, for the Sun is applying to the square aspect first of Jupiter and then of the Moon, both in the eighth, the house of death. From the beginning of the war every influence points to a speedy termination of physical existence for this ill-fated Emperor.

"Will he survive the present year? It is doubtful. And even should he do so, his country is threatened by an internal revolution which will go to hasten his end."

TRADE AND ART.

Pen and Pencil Show in Tottenham Court Road.

An interesting art exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday by Messrs. Catesby and Sons, of Tottenham Court-road.

On that day their new premises, which have been made necessary by the tremendous strides their business has taken of late years, will be opened, and to celebrate this they have gathered together a very fine collection of work with pen, pencil, and brush, which the public will be allowed to inspect until May 7.

Among the artists who have contributed to the exhibition are some of the foremost in English black-and-white art, including L. Ravenhill, Caton-Woodville, H. R. Miller, Tom Brown, Hal Hurst, Dudley Hardy, John Hassall, James Greig, Frank Craig, René Bull, Charles E. Dawson, and John Duncan.

Among the exhibits also are the original drawings which were used to illustrate those very original advertisements made notable under the name of Catesby's Drolleries. The exhibition is certainly worth a visit.

MAGNIFICENT SEA SIGHT.

NAPLES, Friday.

President Loubet's visit to Italy was brought to an end this morning, a fitting climax being provided by a review of the Italian and French squadrons.

King Victor Emmanuel and the French President witnessed the review from the Italian battleship Regina Margherita.

The spectacle afforded by the two magnificent squadrons, dressed in rainbow fashion, was superb. At twenty minutes past ten M. Loubet embarked on the armoured cruiser Marsaïaise, and at eleven left for France, escorted by the French squadron.

A correspondent, describing the review, says the scene in the bay was almost indescribable in its magnificence. The King is reported as having said, "President, I can never forget this sight."

The leave-taking was most cordial. The King shook M. Loubet warmly by the hand, embracing and kissing him.

LADY'S PRIVATE MENAGERIE.

PARIS, Friday.

Ruthlessly unsympathetic, the police of Paris have ordered an eccentric lady householder to get rid of 126 pets which have been annoying her neighbours. They consist of:—

Twenty cats.	Four cats.
Fifty cockerels.	Thirty pigeons.
Eight dogs.	One parrot.
One goat.	Twelve small birds.

WHY NURSES MAKE GOOD WIVES.

Referring to a statement in the *Mirror* that nurses were sought after as wives by men from a monetary point of view, a correspondent writes:—

"This is not a fact. Nurses are sought because a man with 2,500 a year wants a domesticated woman, one that is not above soiling her fingers, such as lady typists or shop girls are. A man who marries a nurse knows that he has secured a woman that has had to work, and that she can turn her hand to anything in the shape of household duties, etc."

CITY CROWDS.

Astonishing Figures Show That Cheapside Leads.

Some striking facts were laid yesterday before the Royal Commission on London traffic by Mr. Henry Montague Bates, chief clerk in the Public Health Department of the Corporation of London. From his evidence it was learned:—

That the City has forty-eight miles and a half of streets.

It has a night population of 26,223, while the day population is estimated at 350,040.

The number of houses is 10,230. The rateable value is £4,979,086, practically equal to one-eighth of the rateable value of the whole Metropolis.

Every day 100,000 vehicles and 1,250,000 persons on foot enter the City.

Last year nearly 47,000,000 gallons of water were used in washing the streets, and nearly 80,000 loads of refuse were removed from the City last year. This cleansing work cost £50,158.

Since 1848 close upon £5,000,000 has been expended in City street improvements.

The vehicles passing through Aldgate High-street in twelve hours number 8,708, Cheapside 11,902, Fleet-street 10,582, Holborn 15,107, Holborn Viaduct 11,276, Ludgate-hill 10,090, Newgate-street 11,130, Queen Victoria-street 9,444, Victoria Embankment 10,152. During the same period 69,753 foot passengers passed over Blackfriars Bridge, 95,330 over London Bridge, and 24,920 over Southwark Bridge.

Cheapside is the most crowded street. Along that thoroughfare 91,100 foot passengers walk in twelve hours, while 83,802 went through Bishopsgate-street Within, 55,680 through Cannon-street, 71,677 through Fleet-street, and 68,540 through Holborn.

A census of the persons passing through the subways at the Mansion House showed the largest number to be 26,200, while 248,015 persons crossed the street there on the surface.

In seven streets alone 499 openings were made by gas and other companies in 1903.

The Corporation controls 1 mile 770 yards of subways.

WORKHOUSE RIFLE RANGE.

Pauper Lads Have a Practice Ground Where They Learn to Shoot.

Kipling's famous reproach, that in the Boer War we "fawned on the younger nations for men who could ride and shoot," will lose its point if the innovation of the managers of the West London Pauper Schools becomes general.

They have lately erected a shooting range at the schools at Ashford, Middlesex, for the purpose of teaching the pauper boys how to handle a rifle.

A first-class instructor has been engaged, and the daily practice at the targets is now the most popular feature of the school curriculum.

MISS FARREN'S FUNERAL

Will Take Place at Brompton on Monday.

The funeral of Miss Nellie Farren, the old Gaiety favourite, will take place at Brompton Cemetery, on Monday.

The cortege will leave the house at Sinclair-road, West Kensington, at half-past twelve, the special coach containing the memorial flowers leaving half-an-hour previously. A very large gathering of professional and other friends is expected.

Letters and telegrams of sympathy from all parts of the country were pouring yesterday into the late actress's residence. Many have been written by old gallery habitués.

The blinds of the house were drawn and no callers were admitted.

MR. EDGE'S GREAT RUN.

Mr. Cecil Edge finished his 3,000 miles motor-car run yesterday, arriving in Piccadilly just after four. He claims two records. His engine has run 1,091 miles without a stop, and he has done the journey from Land's End to John o' Groat's in forty-five and a half hours.

During the whole of the long run Mr. Edge and those who accompanied him were able to snatch only brief intervals of sleep.

During the last twenty-four hours no food was taken by the occupants of the car.

LAST EMBRACE IN DEATH.

MADRID, Friday.

The work of exploration at the La Reunion Colliery, where an explosion occurred yesterday, has proceeded throughout the night. Sixty-three persons are known to have been killed.

The working parties have met the greatest difficulty in their task, the colliery still burning fiercely.

The remains were so calcined that it was only possible to recognise a few of the victims. Groups of corpses were found half buried in debris, the men in many cases having died in the act of embracing a comrade.

POSTHUMOUS HONOUR FOR A GOVERNESS.

VIENNA, Friday.

Wednesday last was the 150th anniversary of the death of Countess Caroline Fuchs (Fox), governess of the children of Empress Maria Theresa, and familiarly called "Fuchsin" (female Fox) by the Empress.

She is the only person buried in the Imperial vault of the Capuchin Church, Vienna, who is not a member of the Imperial Family.

TORPEDO BOAT IN COLLISION.

The Leven, torpedo-boat destroyer, had its bows badly damaged by colliding yesterday with a steam ferry in Devonport Harbour. The destroyer proceeded to Keyham Dockyard to be docked.

The Leven, which escorted the King and Queen to Ireland, was to have left to-day to accompany their Majesties on their return.

A new cap, with removable band, has been approved for the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards.

Colour-sergeant Canterbury, of the 3rd Coldstream, shot himself through the head with a rifle at Chelsea yesterday.

Mr. John Kensit denies that he ever had any intention of contesting the Everton (City of Liverpool) division at the next general election against Sir John Willcox.

Probate was granted yesterday in the London Registry of the will of the late Duke of Cambridge. The gross value of his Royal Highness's estate is £120,860.

The new road from Marlborough Gate to the Duke of York's Steps and the new road from the site of the Queen Victoria Memorial to Bridge Walk will be opened to public traffic next Monday.

Because the track was so near the schools that the children played truant to watch him, Tony Tod, the long-distance champion of the world, was stopped in his attempt to walk 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours at Intake. He will start again on a different track next week.

BLACKPOOL CHURCH'S BELL STOLEN.

The bell of the old iron church of All Saints, Blackpool, just pulled down, has been stolen. It weighed 22wt., and was worth £15. It was made from metal taken from a vessel wrecked at Blackpool twelve years ago.

WANT OF FOOD DROVE HIM MAD.

William Dolphin, an Irish labourer, was at St. Helena Police Court yesterday by the doctor to be a lunatic suffering from delusions due to want of food and attention. Dolphin was sent for treatment at the workhouse infirmary.

NEARLY KILLED BY A HAT-PIN.

Medical evidence in a case at North London in which a wife was charged with stabbing her husband with a hat-pin, showed that the hat-pin had been broken off, leaving three inches of the steel imbedded in the man's neck.

The point had just scraped the jugular vein, and the man had had a narrow escape from bleeding to death.

SOHO GAMING CLUB RAIDED.

Early yesterday morning the police raided a grocer's shop in Old Compton-street, Soho, which possesses an off-licence, and found in a curtained-off room ten Italians playing cards. There was a bar in the room, and most of the men were drinking liquors.

The ten Italians were later charged at Marlborough-street with gaming, and remanded.

BECAUSE HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

Some fortnight ago Mrs. Partington obtained a separation order from her husband, an engineer of Altherton. On Wednesday he went to her and asked her to return, and when she refused he drew a clasp knife and attempted to murder her.

Another woman pluckily went to Mrs. Partington's assistance, and after a desperate struggle the latter escaped. Partington then went home and committed suicide by cutting his throat.

HE NEVER BARKED AGAIN.

Only one dog has ever had the audacity to enter Parliament during the proceedings, says a writer in "London Opinion." A hundred years ago the Lords were thrown into consternation by a dog's entry. Lord North was addressing the House, and the dog promptly proceeded to bark furiously at him.

Lord North, considerably upset, moved that the member who was interrupting him should be suspended. Thereupon the dog was driven out, and suspended in such a manner that he never interrupted again.

LAND WORTH £20,000 WENT BEGGING.

A very valuable piece of land in Hackney Wick, for which, during several years, no owner could be found, was the subject of a claim by Bradshaw's trustees against the London School Board in the Sheriff's Court yesterday.

The land is rendered valuable by having a frontage on the River Lea. When the School Board erected buildings on it some years ago they could not discover the owners, who have now, however, been found to be Bradshaw's trustees, who are claiming £20,000 compensation.

LADY TRIES A TRAMP'S LIFE.

Mrs. Higgs, wife of a minister, recounted at a meeting of the Manchester Guardians some curious experiences which she met with as a tramp. She has written a pamphlet, "Five Days and Five Nights as a Tramp."

Mrs. Higgs stayed two nights in a tramp ward at a workhouse. It was, she said, a descent into an inferno. The diet was worse than it was in the days when skilly was dealt out, and the drinking of water seemed to have disappeared from the national menu. The absence of moisture in the allowance to tramps made eating a positive torture. So severe was her treatment that she had to take a month's holiday to recruit.

COMMITTEES ON THEIR DIGNITY.

Business between the Liverpool City licensing authorities and the Health Committee is at a standstill because neither will lower their dignity enough to allow themselves to cross the road.

A week ago sub-committees of both were to have conferred as to the exits from the theatres and music-halls. The Health Sub-Committee met at the municipal buildings, and the Magistrates' Committee over the way at the police buildings; and each wanted the other to come to it, and as neither would do so no conference could take place.

They were to have conferred again, and duly met at the municipal and the police buildings respectively, but each absolutely declined to cross the road, so that no business could be done.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Through a nail in his boot pricking his toe Henry Gentry, aged forty-four, has died from lockjaw in the Chelmsford Infirmary.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been appointed independent chairman of the Welsh Conciliation Board in succession to Lord Peel.

Earl Roberts has consented to inaugurate the memorial at Canterbury to the East Kent Regulars and Volunteers who fell in South Africa.

Though she fed and clothed her children properly Mrs. Metcalf was summoned at Nottingham for ill-treating her five children. Evidence showed that she allowed them to remain unspeakably dirty.

The will of Augusta Catherine, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who died on April 3 last, has just been proved. Her Highness's estate has been valued at £19,104 gross.

TWENTIETH CENTURY OPULENCE

In Hyde Park a slight collision occurred between a Mercedes car which cost nearly £3,000 and a dog-cart in whose harness was a horse for which his owner recently paid £1,500.

Fortunately, the encounter injured neither much, and the driver did some head-exercising against the bonnet. But the incident, says "Motoring Illustrated," was an object-lesson of twentieth-century opulence.

INSULTING TO ENGLISHWOMEN.

Sarah Grand, in a recent article, says that American women are, for the most part, more thorough, more intelligent, better informed, larger minded, and more agreeable to meet than we are. The average Englishwoman is dull, idle, sluggish, and incompetent; the average American is busy, bright, energetic, and capable.

WHERE THE BIRTH-RATE IS RISING.

While so much outcry is being made about England's decreasing birth-rate, it is interesting to note that in the Greatland district of Yorkshire the birth-rate has increased during the past year. Out of an estimated population of 4,491 there was a birth-rate of 104 during 1903—this is the highest for the past nine years.

BRUTAL ASSAULT IN WOOD GREEN.

James Hawkins, who was found lying insensible in a street in Wood Green, is in hospital with his jaw broken in two places, his skull fractured, and with other bodily injuries. Even should his life be spared his injuries will be permanent.

Two labourers, Thomas Masters and William Edwards, of Brook-road, Wood Green, who were seen with the injured man, are in custody, and were remanded yesterday.

THREW KNIVES AT HIS MOTHER.

Because she would not give him money to buy cigarettes, said a Mrs. Rees, at Porth, her son threatened to knock her brains out, and threw knives, cups, saucers, and other household utensils at her.

The boy would not work, and his stepfather refused to maintain him any longer. She now appealed to the Court to bind defendant over to keep the peace. The Bench acceded to her request, and defendant was bound over in the sum of £5.

FREE FIGHT ON FOOTBALL FIELD.

The keen interest taken in football by the Yorkshire lads was unpleasantly illustrated during the match between Greenfield Albion and Bierley, at Bradford.

The game was evenly contested, and half-time arrived with a score of two to two. Bierley, a todian fell in front of goal with the ball, and Greenfield, rushing up, tried to put it through. A free fight ensued, but who started it is not certain, and both sides attacked each other vigorously.

The spectators also entered the field and mixed up in the mêlée. The game eventually ended in a draw of a goal each.

ATTIRED IN A HAT.

The master of the West Malling Workhouse has reported to his guardians that a tramp had run away from the casual ward one evening attired only in a hat. The man having come out of the bath, the labour master noticed a purse in his armpit.

Rather than give this up the tramp seized at hat and bolted out of the door, asking for a night's lodging at the first cottage he came to. His appearance being so startling he was refused, and thereupon, after some thought, he decided to return to the workhouse, where he was given into the custody of the police.

HOLLOWAY MURDER CHARGE.

Charlotte Taylor, of Upper Holloway, was at Highgate yesterday charged on suspicion with causing the death of James Rose, aged about two months, on or about June 17, 1903, the body of the child having been found, fully dressed, behind a hoarding at Shepherd's-hill.

Detective Morley said that prisoner's sister had given her child to Mrs. Taylor, of whom he had asked where it was.

She replied, "One night last summer I was walking along Seven Sisters-road, with the baby in my arms. I was crying, when a lady stopped me and said, 'What's the matter?'"

"I told her the story of the child's birth, and she said, 'I will adopt the child for you.' She took the child, and said she would send me her address, but I have not seen or heard of her since."

Inspector Morley said he did not believe her, and prisoner then said that the child died in her kitchen.

Prisoner, who protested her innocence, was remanded.

It is expected that the installation of Lord Curzon as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports will take place in the first week in July.

Mr. W. Glover, a champion American swimmer, has announced his intention to attempt to swim from Dover to Calais this summer.

An autograph-hunter who wrote to Mr. Chamberlain requesting a reply that the charge was five shillings, which would be devoted to charity.

Mr. Swanston, a prominent herring merchant of Yarmouth, fell into an empty concrete vat used for storing herrings and fractured his skull, death resulting.

On Wednesday his wife gave birth to a child. Yesterday William Overton, the landlord of the Lamb Inn, Tunstall, Staffordshire, committed a determined suicide in the presence of his sister.

NEVER DONE A DAY'S WORK.

Arrayed in a sack, having torn up his clothes in the workhouse, Thomas Lockyer, aged thirty-five, who boasted that he had never done a day's work in his life, has been sent to goal for three months' hard labour at Bristol.

RESENTED ASSISTANCE.

Alex. Cooper, a well-dressed Army reservist, who had violently assaulted Dr. Macleod, of Bayswater, because the doctor refused his proffered assistance in halting a hansom, was at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday given a month's hard labour.

BLAZE IN A HOLBORN STREET.

Considerable alarm was caused yesterday morning by the sudden ignition of the electric light cables in Fumival-street, Holborn. Traffic was entirely stopped, and the task of extinction was a hazardous one.

A large number of fire engines arrived, and after much trouble the fire was overcome by means of sand.

REHEARSING MUSIC FOR THE PARKS.

The public rehearsal of the London County Council bands, which will perform during the summer months in the parks and open spaces, will take place on Thursday afternoon, May 19, at Queen's Hall. Tickets of admission may be obtained free on application to the Chief Officer of the Parks Department, 11, Regent-street.

PLAYED WITH A CARTRIDGE.

A Cirencester boy named Walter Andrew, aged sixteen, tried to discover the contents of a gun cartridge by picking out the cap with a knitting-needle.

The cartridge exploded, and the boy's fingers were blown to pieces. He was discovered in an unconscious condition, and when taken to the hospital it was found necessary to amputate what remained of his hand.

LIVELY NIGHTS IN A FLAT.

Life in Prince of Wales Mansions, a large block of flats at Battersea Park, is apparently more exciting than Chancery.

In the Chancery Court yesterday counsel applied, on behalf of the owner of the mansions, to restrain Mr. Bird, a tenant of one of the flats, who, he said, indulged in slamming of doors, banging of the floor and walls, and using language of the loudest and apparently most objectionable character, from twelve at night until two or three in the morning.

An injunction was granted.

STARTLED THE BOOKMAKER.

To have a revolver pointed at him and hear the click of the trigger three times was the experience of a bookmaker named Sydney Angel, yesterday appeared at the West London Police Court as prosecutor.

Thomas John Childs, an engineer, who was charged with attempting to shoot Angel, denies having done anything of the kind. It was stated by Inspector Ward, who saw the weapon later, that the cartridges were indented as though they had been struck by the hammer. Childs was sent for trial, bail being allowed.

ECHO OF THE TOBACCO WAR.

The Court of Appeal yesterday decided that Ogdens, Limited, the Liverpool tobacco manufacturers, must pay compensation to retail tobacconists in connection with the withdrawal of their great bonus scheme.

During the attempts to "corner" the retail tobacco trade in the United Kingdom. Ogdens offered to distribute among their customers the entire net profits on goods sold by them during four years, and a bonus of £200,000 in cash. When Ogdens sold the goodwill of their business in Great Britain to the Imperial Tobacco Company, they claimed that they were not bound by the agreement with the retailers.

"THE FRIEND OF THE FORGER."

This is what counsel termed a typewriter in a case heard at the Croydon Police Court yesterday in which Herbert Mason, thirty-eight, of King's Norton, Worcester, was accused of forgery.

The case was a remarkable one. Accused had been in negotiation with Mr. W. Moore, a Croydon cycle-maker, for the purchase of his business, and it was alleged that during this time he obtained some of Mr. Moore's stationery and forged the acceptance of a bill of exchange for £24 10s. 9d., which he discounted at the Birmingham branch of the National Provincial Bank.

Prisoner persisted in the genuineness of the bill, and, to substantiate his statement, produced a typewritten letter, with Mr. Moore's signature at the bottom, purporting to be an acknowledgment of the receipt of some goods and "enclosing the three months' bill as arranged," which letter the prosecution also contended was a forgery.

Prisoner was committed for trial to the Surrey Assizes, bail being allowed.

The new reactor of Wilmsholp has announced that in future no glass or tin ornaments of any kind, or jam pots, will be allowed on the graves.

A carman named Walter Winter, who had embarked on 15th, was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. When he gave himself up he was so weak that he could hardly stand.

For the thirteenth time Mr. Matthew Pepper has been elected chairman of the Over Board of Guardians. The present Mayor, Sir William Crumwell, is also serving his thirteenth term in office.

The family of Alderman Lawrence, of Liverpool, went to Pirmouth to welcome him back from a health-trip to the Mediterranean. There they received the news that he had died of pneumonia, and had been buried at sea.

Three little Haslingden boys have just crossed the Atlantic on the Ivernia without any escort. Their ages were eight, seven, and five years respectively, and they sailed to join their father, Mr. Sagar, in the United States.

SUICIDE OR ACCIDENT?

Dennis Dhill was admitted to the Lambeth Workhouse for a few days' rest. A few minutes after he had received some medicine a nurse was informed that he had been found at the bottom of the well of a staircase in a part where he had no business to be.

To another inmate he had said that he felt very queer and wished himself dead and out of it. At the inquest yesterday an open verdict was returned.

DESPERATE CONVICT.

George Tooney, a convict released on ticket-of-leave, made a desperate assault on a Wigan detective when the latter attempted to detain him. Threatening to "rip him up," he aimed a fearful blow at the officer with a knife, and in the fight that followed the weapon was broken. He was sent back to finish his term of imprisonment.

SHE WAS RIGHT.

Mrs. Halliwell, of Wigan, said she knew there would be bother on her husband's birthday, and she went out of the house for a couple of hours. She was right, for after she returned her husband threw her down and kicked her severely. He was fined 20s. and costs, or a month's imprisonment.

ARRESTED AFTER THREE YEARS.

Franz Krimmel, an Austrian baker, managed to evade arrest for three years. In 1901 a warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of having stolen £92 in cash and a cheque for £2 from his employers, Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

But the police failed to find him until the day before yesterday, when Inspector Horn arrested him at the Horns, Kennington. Prisoner, who at the Guildhall yesterday pleaded guilty and said he was very sorry, was remanded.

LOAVES OF BREAD AS MISSILES.

As a constable was taking a woman into custody at Ebbw Vale, John Bennett, a labourer, attempted to rescue her. He began by throwing loaves of bread at the policeman, one of which struck him on the head. Then he kicked and otherwise assaulted the two custodians who arrested him.

The Bench fined prisoner £20 and costs, or in default three months' imprisonment.

SMALLPOX PATIENT AS COOK.

Upon making inquiries at a restaurant near the City boundary, the health officials discovered that one of the employes was suffering from smallpox while actively engaged in preparing food.

Medical confirmation being obtained, the patient was removed to hospital. It was further ascertained that another young woman employee had recently returned to work after an attack of influenza and chicken-pox.

The restaurant was at once closed, the premises disinfected, and the entire staff of eleven persons re-vaccinated.

STRANGE WHISTLING COMPETITION.

Among the Burns relics which will be sold at Sotheby's next Tuesday is the autograph MS. of the "Ballad of the Whistle," and with it is a letter from the poet to the Duke of Queensberry.

Burns relates in this MS. how the pastime of drinking for a whistle was introduced into Scotland in the reign of James VI., by a giant Dane, who was never beaten—until he met Sir Robert Lawrie, of Maxwellton. The whistle was always awarded to the champion drinker who could drink most and longest, and still retain the power to blow it. Burns was present at a contest for the whistle in the mansion of Friars Carse, near Dumfries, in 1790. The Laird of Craigdarroch then won the whistle, and it is his victory which Burns celebrates in the famous ballad.

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SOLOMON'S EXAMPLE.

Vicar's Outspoken Criticism of a Husband's Suggestion.

Mrs. Esther Alice Kay went into the witness-box in the Divorce Court yesterday to support the story of the cruelty with which she alleges her husband has treated her since a few days from the commencement of her honeymoon. As further ground for the divorce which she is seeking from Mr. Justice Barnes and a common jury, she says that her husband, Mr. Moses Kay, has deserted her and has been guilty of misconduct.

Mr. Kay, who is stated to be a brewer at Blackpool, and also in partnership with his father as a builder at Heywood, near Manchester, has filed an answer denying all these charges.

It was during their honeymoon trip in the Lake district that Mrs. Kay says her husband's cruelty began. Afterwards they lived at the Blackpool house of her father, who is a retired jeweller. Her husband began to borrow money from her father, and received altogether £1,000 in loans.

Crippled by rheumatic fever, which she alleges was the outcome of the cruel treatment, Mrs. Kay had to walk about on crutches. Her husband refused to take a house for her, telling her, the Divorce Court was informed, that he would not take one "for a d—d cripple." Once he showed her a handkerchief and said it was "for a certain lady."

Ridiculous Suggestion.

On July 7, 1900, he left her, and she commenced proceedings in May, 1902. Between these dates he did not contribute a single penny to her support or that of their child. He suggested a separation. She might have the custody of the child and he would allow her 10s. a week. She told him that it was a ridiculous offer.

In cross-examination Mrs. Kay said that she used crutches before marriage. She never told him she got the chill, which culminated in rheumatic fever, by taking a cold bath. She put her illness down to the unkindness of her husband. It was true he had paid back, with interest, the £1,000 he had borrowed from her father.

The Rev. N. S. Jeffreys, vicar of Blackpool, was examined in reference to endeavours he had made to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. He said that in the course of conversation he told Mr. Kay it was dangerous for a woman to be separated. Mr. Kay suggested the example of Solomon.

Solomon "A Great Fool."

To this suggestion Mr. Jeffreys replied that Solomon was a wise man in some respects, but he made a great fool of himself in this respect. He reminded Mr. Kay he was living under a Christian dispensation, and ought to have a higher standard of morality.

The further hearing was adjourned till Tuesday.

PATIENT'S PERQUISITES.

Asylum Inmate's Presents of Port Wine, Cake, and Cigars.

At Epsom Police Court yesterday the hearing was resumed of the case in which Charles Edward Morant, a stores clerk, and Maurice Clark, a foreman butcher, both employed at Horton Asylum, were charged with plundering stores. Thomas Wilds, a carman, was also charged in connection with the matter.

William Morris, a patient at the institution, identified two hams, a coal-box and shovel as having been removed from the stores while he was assisting Morant and Clark. In reply to Mr. Elliott, for the prosecution, witness said he had known dripping to be sent out by Clark, who, during the time witness was engaged in the department, might have caused about 200lb. to be removed.

Cross-examined by Mr. Stanley Jenkins, who appeared for Clark, witness said the latter was very kind to him. He gave him whisky in his tea, cigarettes, cigars, and tobacco.

To Keep His Mouth Shut.

You had the idea that that was to keep your mouth shut?—Quite so.

Why did you not speak to someone about it?—Had I spoken to anyone they would have put some crime on me to keep me at the asylum longer, and I did not want to remain.

Clark told him that on one occasion Humphreys, the storekeeper, had come into his room whilst he was packing bacon, and said: "All right, old man. I see you are busy." Morant, said witness, had given him port wine, cake, and cigars every week, and also sixpence more per week than Clark. He had also given him a pair of lady's shoes.

But you did not wear them?—Oh, yes, I did. They were size 8.

How many people do you say were concerned in this?—About twenty.

One person had sent me him every week and one of Carter, Paterson's men who had taken goods out of the asylum received a weekly shoulder of mutton. A cook also had 15s. per week from Clark for dripping.

The accused were again remanded.

The Witness Threatened.

Subsequently Charles Nelson, a laundryman at the asylum, was charged with using threats to Norris.

Mr. Elliott, who prosecuted, said that at a recent hearing Norris was brought up to the court in a cab and kept in the vehicle until called to give evidence. Whilst waiting, Nelson went up to him and said: "If you drag me into this I will wait upon you until you come out of the asylum and I will make you pay for it. I will make it warm for you."

Nelson went into the witness-box, and said he had a glass or two of beer. He had been accustomed to treat the inmates at the asylum as children.

The Bench considered the case a very serious one, and said Nelson could be bound over to keep the peace for six months, or in default of finding sureties in £500, undergo imprisonment for three months.

TOO MANY FROCKS AND FRILLS.

Husband Closes the Purse-strings After Investigating the Mysteries of His Wife's Wardrobe.

Mr. William Reinald Palgrave, debtor to Swan and Edgar, Regent-street and Piccadilly:

8 blouses	£11 19 4
4 dresses	21 0 0
2 hats	6 3 0
5 pairs of stockings, 7 pairs of gloves, 3 pairs of boots and shoes	17 4 8
Total	£56 0 0

When Mr. Palgrave, who is a solicitor living at Avenue House, Sunbury, received the above bill from Messrs. Swan and Edgar he refused to pay it. He wrote back to the celebrated drapers saying that he refused to be responsible for the debts of



MR. PALGRAVE, who was yesterday sued by Messrs. Swan and Edgar for the price of goods supplied to his wife. He pleaded his wife's extravagance, and said she had had ten hats in eighteen months.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

his wife, whom he considered to be a very extravagant woman.

That was why yesterday Messrs. Swan and Edgar brought an action for the recovery of £56 against Mr. Palgrave before Mr. Justice Ridley and a common jury.

For the next hour or so Judge, counsel, and jury were engaged on debating and considering some very difficult and delicate points connected

with the wardrobe of Mrs. Palgrave in particular, and married ladies generally.

Not only did they find themselves having to face the problem of how many blouses a lady whose husband is in receipt of an income of £700 a year ought to have on her unpaid account at one time, but they had also to extend their inquiries to the number of hats that it is betting for a matron in that position to wear when the said hats are not "settled" for.

Even thinner ice still, on to which stern necessity invited them to venture, was an investigation concerning the number of pairs of stockings that forms a reasonable item on a bill that is being run up by a wife.

Then, again, there was a complicated subsidiary question. Does not the number of blouses, hats, stockings, etc., that justifiably appear on a bill which is going to be presented to a husband depend largely on the number of paid-for blouses, hats, stockings, etc., that are already in the wife's wardrobe?

Mr. Palgrave, through his counsel, Mr. Dickens, K.C., considered that this subsidiary question had a very important bearing on the case in point.

What the Husband Found.

He married his wife in 1902, and it was after she had left him to stay with her mother at Kensington that she "ran up" Swan and Edgar's bill. When that bill came in to him Mr. Palgrave paid a visit to the wardrobe that his wife had left behind. His discoveries in the wardrobe led him to make the following inventory:—

28 blouses.	27 stockings.
8 dresses.	7 pairs of boots.
10 hats.	5 pairs of shoes.
19 pairs of gloves.	

What could a woman who already possessed twenty-eight blouses, of all kinds of materials and shades, his pathetic plea was, want with another eight? Thirteen pairs of stockings, too—not to mention the odd stocking—surely precluded any necessity for five pairs more!

The Judge's Annual Hat.

When the fact that Mrs. Palgrave possessed ten hats when she ordered the other two was pointed out to Mr. Justice Ridley, his Lordship said: "I have only one hat a year. How many do you have?" (Pitying smiles among the ladies at the back of the court.)

Mr. Dickens (who is one of the most smartly-dressed men at the Bar): Certainly not ten. (Renewed sympathy.)

"It is a very serious thing for tradesmen," said Mr. Montague Lush, K.C., as he drew a picture of the grievous wrong that would be inflicted on Messrs. Swan and Edgar if they could not get their money from any body.

"And it is equally serious for married men with extravagant wives," retorted Mr. Dickens.

During the course of argument it was stated that Mr. Palgrave has been so upset by the extent and apparent irresponsibility of his wife's wardrobe—and other matters—that he had filed a petition for divorce against the lady.

Eventually the jury made up their minds that Mr. Palgrave was not liable to pay the bill in dispute, and a verdict was entered for the defendant.

BOGUS JOCKEY'S DECEPTION.

Girl Pawns Her Clothes to Provide Him with Money.

Posing as an American jockey who rode in flat races under the name of "Natt Watts," and in stepphases as "Percy Woodland," a young Westchester bootmaker named James Hayward, practised a cruel deception upon a girl named Mahala Rumsey.

Miss Rumsey is now living in Oakhurst-road, Forest Gate, but she met Hayward at the Hotel Windsor, Victoria-street, Westminster, in March, 1903. In October he wrote to her, and in his letter said he had been left a legacy of £1,000 and five houses by his father, but would not come into his property until he became of age. He proposed marriage to her, and was accepted, and the banns were "put up" in the February of this year.

On March 1 Hayward went to Miss Rumsey's house and said he was riding in some races at Leicester, but had lost his pocket-book, which contained £135. He asked her to lend him £3 10s., which she had in the house, and said he would give her £10 for it when he returned.

Explanations.

He returned about half-past nine with his head bandaged up and looking very ill. He explained that he had been thrown from his horse while racing, but refused to show her his injury.

The day for the marriage arrived, and Hayward began to complain about his head, and declared he would be unable to go to the church. He made various excuses putting off the marriage, and after a time suggested that she should pawn her clothes for him and give him the money.

This went on until Miss Rumsey had not got a "change" left, and altogether Hayward had received thirty-six sums of money advanced on her clothes.

He left the house one morning, and as he did not return she told her troubles to the police, with the result that Hayward was brought before the West Ham magistrates yesterday and sentenced to six months' hard labour. When he was arrested he said: "The money I expected I was coming into for being jumping into the Thames and saving a boy from drowning."

"I am not here to help foolish people," said his Honour Judge Edge at Clerkenwell yesterday.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, has intimated his intention of presiding at the "Grand Day" dinner of Trinity Term, which is at present fixed for Tuesday, June 7 next.

GIRL MASQUERADER.

Ex-judge's Companion Discards Her Unconventional Dress.

In less striking but more becoming costume, Beatrice Holland, the nineteen-year-old girl who was arrested last week for masquerading, dressed as a man, in company with Mr. Francis Woolf Murray, formerly a Judge in the Indian Civil Service, made another appearance before the Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday.

Instead of her tweed suit and tweed cap, she wore a blue serge costume, trimmed with white lace, and a white sailor hat, which set off her charms far more effectively than the most smartly-cut lounge suit could hope to.

She was saved from any very serious consequences arising out of her indiscretion by her mother coming forward yesterday with the offer to take charge of her daughter, and find her a situation. On this understanding the magistrate ordered her discharge from custody, with a warning to be more careful in future.

While this matter was being settled the girl's companion, Mr. Murray, leant unconcernedly against the rail of the dock. He was asked if he wished to say anything.

"No," he answered, "I have put myself in the hands of the doctor, and he will speak for me."

The doctor was Dr. James Scott, of Brixton Prison, who had had Mr. Murray under observation. In his opinion he was of unsound mind, and had been so for some time.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Murray. "He says I am of unsound mind? Well, I suppose I am if he says so."

An order was then made for Mr. Murray's detention in a home.

MOTOR-CAR CONSUMPTION CURE.

Summing up his own experiences and those of medical friends, Dr. Blanchet, of Lyons, says that automobile exercise will gradually abolish or greatly diminish the cough of tuberculous patients and of those suffering from chronic bronchitis, and at the same time produce healthy sleep and appetite.

In view of the long stay in the open air which automobile exercise implies and the increased atmospheric pressure entailed by the rapid motion, it is quite natural that benefit should be experienced in cases of early pulmonary tuberculosis.

It is essential, however, that the body should be duly protected from cold, and it is also most important to avoid dust.

WAITER'S HAPPY LOT.

Earning Fifteen Pounds in Ascot Race Week.

Whether Mr. George William Gardiner, a waiter, in view of the handsome income which he told Mr. Justice Darling his profession can on occasions afford, considers £350 sufficient compensation for breaking his right arm while discharging his duties, has not transpired.

This amount was awarded him, however, by a common jury in the King's Bench division yesterday, after hearing how, while he was acting as waiter at the prize distribution supper of the City of London Fusiliers at the Queen's Hall, Langham-place, in April, 1903, he slipped as he was carrying a tray upstairs and fell on his arm. He alleged that Messrs. Chappell and Company, Ltd., the lessees of the Queen's Hall, had been guilty of negligence, as the light was insufficient, and an iron projection had tripped him up.

In the witness-box Mr. Gardiner stated that during the season he earned from £6 to £7 a week and during Ascot week he could earn £15. At times he got £2 a day.

Generous Ireland.

Mr. Justice Darling: Where did you get that?—In Ireland.

Mr. Justice Darling: That may account for the poverty of the Irish if they pay their waiters £2 a day. I never heard a greater injustice to the Irish. For whom did you wait?

"Lord what's his name—I mean, the Mayor of Belfast," Mr. Gardiner replied.

Mr. Atherton Jones (the plaintiff's counsel): Unionist banquet perhaps?

Mr. Justice Darling: I think I will move the adjournment of the house.

Mr. Gardiner added that in England he got from 10s. 6d. to a guinea a night, or £1 10s. if engaged the whole day.

In defence it was asserted that Mr. Gardiner had been cautioned about the projection, and fell through his own carelessness. However, the jury, after lengthy deliberation, found their verdict for the plaintiff.

QUEER PARK CRIMES.

Quaint By-Laws That May Be Amended to Deal with Loafers.

The Commissioners of his Majesty's Office of Works have decided to revise the by-laws relating to Hyde Park and other parks under their control. It is intended also to insert a clause that, it is hoped, will effectually deal with the "Park pest" nuisance.

As the present regulations were drawn up in 1872, and deal with such obsolete conveyances as post-chaises and stage-coaches, it is none too soon to make some attempt at bringing them up to date. A clause relating to pigs sounds also rather medieval for the neighbourhood of Marble Arch or Piccadilly; people "enjoying" the parks now seldom come across a pig out grazing, and if they did it would hardly trouble to "annoy" or "worry" it.

Among other things that are forbidden by the present laws are the playing of games or music, practising gymnastics, selling any commodities or taking photographs. Atheists can also be apprehended for the use of blasphemous terms in their speeches.

The laws of the parks under the control of the County Council are even more varied, and to use the parks with any degree of safety it is almost necessary to be an expert in park law, or, failing that accomplishment, to keep to the middle of the paths and do nothing more exciting than talk—and that not too loudly.

Lunatics at Large.

Judging by some of the regulations, it would seem there must have been a fair proportion of raving lunatics in the metropolis to justify the inclusion of certain offences that no sane man would commit.

Few people would care to carry off a fountain or a watch-box, and it would be no easy matter to remove the Marble Arch—yet one of the laws makes it a police-court matter to attempt to bring off any of these undertakings. Any efforts at timber-felling would be met with stern repression at the hands of the inspectors.

If a man is discovered rushing through the park propelling a wheelbarrow or speck of mud more than eight miles an hour he may be committed for a breach of the peace. And any individual who thinks he has found an ideal place for breaking-in a horse will not be long before he finds out his mistake.

There may be plenty of spare space, but for all that the parks are the wrong places to choose for betting, carpets, mending chairs, or sorting rags and bones.

A WOMAN PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Among the most striking exhibits at the Salon des Artistes Français, which opens to-day (Saturday) in Paris, is a remarkable portrait of a young woman in white, whose identity is hidden under the innocent title of "Une Robe Blanche." It is hung on the line in a prominent position, and it may safely be predicted that it will prove to be one of the pictures of the year.

Miss Flora Lion, the artist, is a young Englishwoman, who first came into prominence in Paris with her last year's exhibit, a portrait of Lady Galway, in her Coronation robes. It was a capital likeness, which greatly pleased the sitters, and was awarded high praise from the most eminent French critics. Miss Lion is at present engaged on several portraits in Paris, including one of the Baroness de Marchi, and a miniature of the Marquis del Rio, a Cuban millionaire. She is a pupil of the celebrated Jean Paul Laurens.

When at home Miss Lion's headquarters are in St. John's Wood, where she has an atelier at Woronzow's Studios, 25, Woronzow-road. At the Royal Academy, which opens to the public on Monday, she will exhibit a portrait of her sister, entitled "Yvonne."

SATURDAY GOSSIP.

Prince and Prince Henry of Prussia, who left London last night on their return to Germany, may well be popular here. They are as much English as they are German. The Prince's mother was our own Princess Royal; the Princess is the daughter of the late Princess Alice. Playfair once gave us a pretty picture of her home life when she was living at the hunting-seat of her father, the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Kranichstein, in the Black Forest. It was the simplest little place in the world, and so thoroughly in the forest that wild boars drank the water from under the windows. It was a Sunday morning when Playfair arrived, and the Prince and his visitors had gone to the chapel, as, too, had all the servants. But Princess Alice, warned of the coming of the tutor of her brother, King Edward, had remained at home to welcome him.

Princess's Domestic Dilemma.

While she and Playfair exchanged greetings, a messenger arrived in haste from the Duke to say that he was bringing home the Lutheran minister to the mid-day dinner. The Princess was greatly disturbed, as if she had been the most ordinary housewife taken by surprise. "There is absolutely no room for an additional guest," she lamented. Playfair reminded her how, when she was a girl, she used to provide for him at the Swiss Cottage at Osborne, and added that he was sure she could do just as well now, Grand Duchess of Hesse though she was. So together they went into the dining-room, took all the things off the table which had been spread for dinner, put another leaf in the table, and had everything perfectly arranged by the time the party returned from service at the little chapel. It was in that manner that the Princess Henry was taught to make the best of matters in an unpretentious household.

An All-round Sportsman.

Lord Cadogan's accident is the second which he has met with during the last couple of years. Happily his motoring mishap is not so serious as that which befell him in the hunting-field, when he snapped a bone in one of his legs. The ex-Viceroy of Ireland is about the most "complete" sportsman we have. There is not a phase of sport in which he is not interested, and very few in which he does not actively participate. He keeps and runs the best of thoroughbreds; he rides hard and well to hounds; can drive a four-in-hand with the best of professional whips; is his own chauffeur; a member of I Zingari, and naturally a keen cricketer. During his successful term of office in Ireland he did a good deal to encourage cricket there, and so well pleased were his admirers that the cricketers of the island made him a very handsome presentation before he quitted Dublin Castle. Nowadays Lord Cadogan has one of the best private golf courses in the country. He got George Sayers to lay out one for him in Ireland, and, that proving such a success, he set the professional to work at Culford, his place near Bury St. Edmunds.

Quarrelled with the "Times."

Sir Charles Scott's return to London is opportune, as it has enabled him to have a conference with Sir Charles Hardinge, his successor as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who, it is understood, is to be the bearer of a message from King Edward to the Tsar. Sir Charles Scott has given the better part of his life to the Diplomatic Service, and knows every Court in Europe. For fifty-and-forty years he has been on his travels, and now might say, as Sir Hamilton King said to Queen Victoria, when, wearied out with long labours, he came home from Vienna: "The fact is, ma'am, I had kept the Queen's Arms abroad for so many years that I thought it was time for me to come home and set up a family hotel." The retiring Ambassador's attitude did not wholly commend itself last year when, without a protest, he permitted the expulsion from Russia of the "Times" correspondent. On the other hand, he has achieved many notable diplomatic successes, of which not the least conspicuous in recent dealings was his management of negotiations between England and Germany as to Samoa. It was generally conceded at the time that had Kaiser William had to deal with a less firm and adroit diplomatist, German influence would have been paramount in Samoa to-day.

The "Red Earl's" Disappointment.

Earl Spencer is among those who are most disappointed that, on account of his great age, the Emperor of Austria is forbidden to make his contemplated journey to England. For Althorp, Lord Spencer's place, is one of the country houses to which his Majesty would have gone, had he paid any private visits at all. The Empress of Austria was never happier than when hunting with the Pitychley, with poor "Bay," Middleton for pilot, the "Red Earl" for host. Those were the halcyon days of the Pitychley, when Lord Spencer, returning from his first term as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, resumed the Mastership of the famous pack. The Empress of Austria was the boldest rider who ever followed the pack during his time. Not always content even with so dashing an escort as "Bay," Middleton, she would sometimes take a line of her own over big places which even the first flight of the hunt would not willingly attempt. Those were the moments when Lord

Spencer recognised the tremendous responsibility which was his. He found the royal lady as unconventional out of the hunting field as in it. "Oh, no, not that, thank you," she would say when offered a cup of tea; "please let me have some beer; it will do me much more good!"

A Royal Thirst-quencher.

The King has ridden at a less break-neck pace over most of the country which the Empress helped to make famous. His Majesty on one occasion endorsed that lamented lady's choice of beverage. Lord Spencer had planned a run starting from Vanderplanks, and the King, though the pace was killing, and himself not a featherweight, occupied an excellent place in the field, in spite of big jumps, until Hazelbeach Hill was reached. Hounds were at this period out of sight, and his Majesty would not punish his horse up so stiff an incline. He dismounted, and slinging the bridle-rein over his arm, walked up the brow to the house of Mr. Pell, where he rested. A "hill-born thirst" was quenched in a foaming flagon of Burton; then, lighting a huge cigar, his Majesty took the road back to Althorp, where he arrived in time to welcome his host upon the latter's return from the kill.

The Shah on Skates.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Durand's action in subscribing, the one to the Japanese Red Cross funds, the other to the Russian, is as diplomatic as it is kind, and becomes the British Ambassador and Ambassadress to the United States. Sir Mortimer has not spent a lifetime at the chief Courts of the world without acquiring the knowledge proper to his position. Though, if the unexpected could shake one's faith in the probable and ordinary, an experience which he had with the Shah during the latter part of his residence at Tehran might have been expected to do so. He headed a deputation to his Majesty, and asked that funds from the national exchequer might be set aside for the repair and adornment of the tomb of Omar Khayyam. "Not a sixpence," replied the ruler. "If these people admire him so much, let them build their own monument. We have a hundred better poets in Persia." It may be that the Shah owed Sir Mortimer a little grudge, for one day he saw the members of the British Legation on skates, twisting and twirling on the ice with a grace which, to Persian eyes, seemed incomparable. Without more ado the monarch decided that his Ministers should skate. Down to frozen lakes in the palace grounds went the Court. Such a falling of dignity there followed as had never been seen in the whole course of Persian history. The Shah never wanted to skate any more after that.

Cursed by the Fenians.

Lord Cranbrook will next year enter the "nineties" to bear Lord Gwydyr company. Like the latter, whom we have all been congratulating this week upon entering his ninety-fifth year, Lord Cranbrook has many records of which to boast. He is the oldest ex-Cabinet Minister alive, and carries in his head—unfortunately he has never written it—more secret political history of the last fifty or sixty years than any other ten living men ever knew. Twelve times the Home Office has changed hands since Lord Cranbrook, as plain Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, was Secretary. But no Home Secretary has had an experience similar to that which came his way there five-and-thirty years ago. He is the only man who has ever been besieged in his own office, and there solemnly damned by bell, book, and candle. It was during the time that the Manchester Fenians lay under sentence of death. A number of Irishmen made their way to the Home Office, forced their way into Lord Cranbrook's presence, described him with all the picturesque fervour of which they were capable, unanimously passed a resolution recording their utter detestation of him as the main instrument of law and order; then solemnly filed out, and paraded up Whitehall with a posse of police on either side. Although in his ninetieth year, Lord Cranbrook remains as young as many men of half his years, and can still bring down a rocketing pheasant and bowl over hare and rabbit with the best of us.

Varnishing Week.

Varnishing day at the Academy this week was a different function from that which painters of a past generation remember. Mr. W. P. Frith, the veteran Academician, happily still with us, remembers the time when varnishing "day" extended over a week, when he used to meet Turner and all the artistic lions of the period each day at luncheon, which was very little inferior to the Academy banquet. At these symposia the great guns would discuss with perfect frankness others' works and their own. "Nice, cool green that lettuce, isn't it?" said Turner as someone handed him a salad, "and the beetroot pretty red—not quite strong enough; and the mixture, delicate tint that. Add some mustard, and then you have one of my pictures." Yet those pictures, so lightly described by their author, have made that strange old man immortal.

Famous Painter's Bad Manners.

One result of the abolition of varnishing is to do away with the charge which used to be levelled against Academicians, that they painted the whole of their pictures upon the Academy walls. Mr. Frith witnessed a comedy upon one of these occasions

which might have lent support to the saying. Turner had a picture hung adjoining "A View of Edinburgh," by David Roberts—a pretty, delicate-tinted thing. Turner's was quiet and grey in tone at the outset, but, from that fact, scarcely affording sufficient contrast to Roberts's to do itself justice. Turner took his palette and put in an intensely blue sky. "I say, Turner," poor Roberts said at last, "ye're makin' that verra blue." Turner said nothing, but threw on more and more ultramarine. Roberts could stand it no longer. "I'll tell ye what it is," he exclaimed, "you're just playin' the verra devil with my picture, with that sky." Turner removed a huge muffer from his mouth and retorted: "You attend to your business, and leave me to attend to mine."

Longest Speech on Record.

Lord James of Hereford's election to the presidency of the new Coal Conciliation Board was expected. He has had a good deal of experience in the work which his position will necessitate his undertaking. Masters and men have come nowadays to look naturally to him to mediate between them in case of dispute. Without reference to political considerations he enjoys the confidence of all classes, from the King downwards. His Majesty has had many a good day's sport with him, and finds him just about as good a shot as one needs for a likely place at the butts. The curious part of Lord James's career as a sportsman is that he had never had a gun in his hand until he was well past forty. Since then, however, he has made up for lost time. He was a tremendous worker when at the Bar, an obstinate cross-examiner, and a weighty advocate. Sir Edward Clarke's long speech in the courts this week was but a conversational effort compared with that which Lord James delivered before the Parnell Commission. It was voted brilliant even when contrasted with Russell's magnificent oration. There is a good Gladstone story in connection with that same speech. With much solemnity the Grand Old Man asked friend after friend, "Have you read James's speech? I am told it was very capable." Invariably the answer was "No." At last, "How very extraordinary," exclaimed the veteran, "I declare I have not as yet found anybody who has read that speech. I must confess, however, that I have not read it myself, and I am afraid I have no intention of doing so."

Actress's Happy Inspiration.

Mrs. Kendal, who, with characteristic kindness, is interesting herself in another great charity bazaar, has her own stories to tell of stage impromptus which have saved more than one perilous situation. One such occurred during the production of "Prince Karatoff." In one scene she was compelled to take a long farewell of her child. The latter was torn from her grasp, and she closed her eyes to spare them the agony of witnessing its departure. The house was hushed, save for stifled sobs. Suddenly there was a ripple of laughter, then another, and a giggle ran round the auditorium. Mrs. Kendal opened her eyes. The child had dropped its cap! Bathos had succeeded pathos. The consummate genius of the actress saved her. With a loving cry she seized the cap, covered it with kisses, and pressed it to her heart. The laughter died away in an instant, and the audience was ashamed. The little scene appeared a part of the play, and the accident was voted one of the most effective pieces of "business" in the whole drama.

A Hero to His Valet.

Sir James Duke, against whom Mr. R. S. Sievier has an action for alleged slander pending, in which he claims £25,000 damages, became a baronet very early in life. His father, a former Lord Mayor of London, did not marry until he had turned three score years and ten, and his only son was eight years old when the first baronet died. Sir James is the exception to prove the rule that no man is a hero to his valet. His own valet is a living refutation of the invariability of the old saw. For, hearing cries of distress coming from the sea at the Isle of Wight not long ago, Sir James plunged into the water and swam in the direction of the sound. It was late at night, and impossible to recognise the apparently drowning man, but Sir James turned him over on his back and swam with him to land. When both were removed from the water, the baronet found that it was his own personal servant whose life he had saved. The Royal Humane Society has awarded him its bronze medal for the feat.

The God in the Car.

Dr. F. A. Barton is to be congratulated upon the completion of the aerial battleship which he has been commissioned by the War Office to construct. It is a combination of old principles and new, inasmuch as it relies for flight upon aeroplanes, as well as upon the balloon. Its motors are expected to develop 150 h.p., which strength, should the present one prove successful, will be more than quadrupled in the next which he will build. The speed, he anticipates, will be something like sixty to eighty miles an hour, and his hope and expectation are that soon he will be able to devise a practical airship for commercial purposes. It is rather startling to remember that whatever chance Dr. Barton has of solving the age-old problem of aerial flight was nearly cut short eighteen months ago. As he was making a passage by airship over Lancashire, there came the sound of a bugle when

Settle was reached. Immediately after, a bullet passed beneath the ship, while a second cut through the netting of the car, which was saved from destruction only by a miracle. Dr. Barton, like the rest of his confraternity, is still regarded in many parts of rural England as a creation of doubtful origin. A friend of Sir E. M. Grant Duff's descended in his balloon at a little parish, and asked the affrighted villagers the name of the place. "Claygate, God Almighty," they said in tones of awe to the man from the clouds.

Oval's Narrow Escape.

Lord Alverstone, at the dinner to the team of cricketers which has brought some of the "ashes" from Australia, was fully as much at home as he seemed. Although he is a keen fisherman and a good shot, and a good billiard player, as those who have contested a game with him in his admirably equipped room at Cranleigh are aware, cricket is the grand passion of his hours of leisure. He has a grand of his own at Cranleigh, where regularly matches are played during the summer. He can still play a good straight bat. But mainly his interest in the game nowadays is manifested in his capacity as President of the Surrey Club. The man on the popular side of the Oval little dreams to what an extent he is indebted to the Lord Chief Justice for the admirable ground and buildings which it is the good fortune of the Surrey club to possess. Lord Alverstone, when he was Solicitor-General, personally carried through the difficult negotiations for securing the lease of the ground; acting, of course, in a purely honorary character. And when that handsome pavilion at the Oval was a-building he constituted himself clerk of the works. But for his interest and influence, matters might once upon a time have gone badly with the Oval. It is the property of the Duchy of Cornwall, and a Bill was actually in preparation to authorise the erection of two half-crescents of houses over its area.

Peer's Tame Wasp.

Lord Avebury's friends in the House of Lords, had they known that he becomes a septuagenarian to-day, would possibly have been anxious to give him as a birthday present the second reading of his Early Closing for Shops Bill, which he had reluctantly to withdraw on Thursday night. Possibly the man in the street is as grateful to Lord Avebury for that famous list of the Hundred Best Books he drew up as for anything he has done. It will interest the student of literature, therefore, to be reminded that the list does not profess to be Lord Avebury's own favourites. "If," said he, "one really made out one's own list, one would probably be considered a fanatic!" But there are many directions other than his reading in which the man in the street cannot hope to follow the distinguished Baron. Few but he would have the patience and skill to educate a dog to "read"; fewer still to make a companion of a Spanish wasp of large and effective sting. The wasp he taught to take its meals out of his hand, to perch upon his finger and allow itself to be stroked, to follow him about his house, and to comport itself with all the affability of a winged poodle. For nine months it was his constant companion, and he never took a meal without it.

An Eccentric Dean.

Did he, one wonders, get his love of a pocket apiary from his old friend, Dean Milman? who never travelled but with a portable menagerie. The Dean generally had a pocketful of such unconsidered trifles as green frogs and lizards; and could one have peered beneath his cassock and surplice as he preached to congregations at Westminster Abbey, he would have found comfortably ensconced in an inner recess a much-favoured chameleon. This was quite a society favourite. Wherever the Dean went, the chameleon was sure to go. A fly would appear upon a window-pane. Into his pocket would go the Dean's hand, and out would come the chameleon, who would rise at the insect as surely as a properly-minded trout to a fly of another order. It must have been a sight to see Lord Avebury and Dean Milman at dinner together. Above the Dean's dining-table perched a monkey on the gas-bracket, which would stretch down with easy grace now and then and take unto itself a bunch of grapes, or a baked potato, or, if the spirit so moved it, a dainty morsel which was about to enter the expectant mouth of a guest. And if one were never sure of a mouthful, owing to the attentions of the monkey, one was equally dubious as to the nature of such mouthful, supposing it did reach its goal in safety. For the Dean experimented upon everything—from a dish of frummenty, compounded of wheat from an Egyptian mummy's sarcophagus, to a slice of rhinoceros, a steak of crocodile, and eke a filleted hedgehog.

A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS.

Few people have a clear idea of the size of a torpedo. In the fifth part of "Japan's Fight for Freedom" there is a picture of one. Seven men are standing in a line behind it and not very close together. It must measure 14 or 15 feet. All the pictures are excellent, very interesting, and well reproduced, while it is enough to say of the text that it is the work of Mr. H. W. Wilson, who wrote "With the Flag to Pretoria," and is recognised as one of the best journalists of our time. Sixpence for a part every fortnight brings this valuable record of the Far Eastern war within the reach of the humblest purse.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1904.

By MAJOR PHILIP TREVOR.

There is no solid reason for the forecast that the cricket season of 1904 will be an abnormal, or even an extraordinary one. We may, indeed, regard ourselves as sufficiently sanguine if we express a pious hope that it will be interesting.

It is generally taken for granted that rain ruined cricket in England in the year 1903.

A Disguised Blessing.

Surely last summer's weather was a blessing in disguise to the great national game of cricket and to its true interests. Assuredly that blessing was very carefully disguised, so carefully, indeed, as to bear the impress of a curse. The outward and visible signs of the curse were so outward and visible that diligent search had to be made for the inward grace of the blessing.

First-class cricket wanted a good dose of medicine, and it got it. Was that dose too strong, and did it move nearly kill him?

My answer is "Not!" and I point my finger to Mr. C. B. Fry. A good many reams—or one might almost after the measure and say tons—have been written about Mr. Fry's marvellous batting in the wet season of 1903. But it would seem as if the real significance of his batsmanship has yet to be grasped.

He has been praised, and justly praised, for the varied merits of his most unvaried success. But eulogy has appeared to stop just where it ought to begin. Mr. Fry should rather stand as a signpost to point the way than as a milestone to mark what has been traversed.

The Hands-upper.

How often has one suffered the chicken-hearted grumbles of the chicken-hearted batsman! How often has that batsman hoisted the white flag before the battle has begun!

"No one can get runs on a wicket like this." And: "Cricket under these conditions is no test," or again (and this with alluring insolence), "I'd rather go home and have a good game of dominoes than spoil my best bat on this mudheap."

The latter remark implies the suggestion that he could make runs if he liked, but that it isn't really worth

pleasant interlude. I give my personal opinion for what it is worth on this subject. I have just returned from a couple of years' sojourn in South Africa, and I was not impressed with the intrinsic excellence of Colonial cricket in that part of the globe.

At present the Colonial cricketer of Africa does not know how much he has to learn, and, moreover, he plays almost exclusively on matting wickets. Cricket, however, is very popular in the Colony, and grass wickets are now in course of preparation in the larger towns. When he has learnt to play on these, and when he has by means of tours to this land learnt more of what he is now chiefly ignorant, namely, the fineness of the game, we may have to reckon with him as seriously as with the colonist of Australia.

But as yet he belongs to the future. To English county cricket, therefore, we must look for our chief instruction and entertainment, and one is fain to confess that the season opens in rather ordinary fashion. There is no individual retirement of importance, and no individual cricket of importance seems likely to bound into fame.

THE OLD FIFTEEN.

All the old fifteen first-class counties are in evidence once more, and in this fact there is at least cause for congratulation. One at least, Essex to wit, threatened until very recently to fall by the wayside.

I will not here pause to discuss the financial problem of county cricket, or to discuss the popular view which it ought to be practically impossible for such a crisis as that through which Essex have passed to occur. Sufficient let it be for present purposes to warmly commend Mr. C. E. Green and others on the success of their public-spirited work.

Glancing in brief detail at the prospect of individual counties, last year's champions—Middlesex—come, perhaps, first under review.

It cannot be pretended that the interest which attached to Yorkshire when year after year they won the championship now attaches to Middlesex.

Middlesex Slimness.

Middlesex have for years been known to arrange what may be called with becoming delicacy a skilful programme. Not until the summer holidays have set their pedagogue free do they make their real plunge; and by that time three months' hard wear and tear has told upon sides which, like Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, have played cricket practically every day, Sundays excepted.

According to the methods adopted of deciding the championship, Middlesex are indisputably entitled to their position, but at the same time their success is not of a nature which, as the Americans say, one can "enthusiase" about. This year their prospects are more or less normal. Jack Hearne must do the steady, severe work, to which by this time he should be accustomed, whilst Messrs. Warner and Bosanquet (who ought still to be in practice if they have had a good deck and a calm sea) must make runs till August comes to their aid.

Lancashire's Loss.

Lancashire lose Barnes; and, if cricket is really to prove in its fullest sense a livelihood to the professional, one cannot blame the presence of the fast bowler in deciding to concentrate upon League games. A fine "benefit" doubtless awaits a Mold, a Richardson, or a Lockwood, but for a fast bowler who gets through a county career and comes out on the other side, many fall worn out by the way.

The eleven will, fortunately for themselves, again be captained by Mr. Maclaren, who is generally at his best, both in personal skill and judgment, when things are going against his men. To that fact the comparatively few collapses to which Lancashire has ever been subjected during this captaincy is mainly due. Lancashire's prospects are not better than usual, nor are they materially worse.

Yorkshire's Resources.

Yorkshire's momentary displacement last season from the top of the tree is probably only momentary. Of that probability most cricketers are in their hearts convinced, though paper statistics meanwhile rank Middlesex above them. This year, if it were suddenly announced that a great side—say an Australian eleven—were coming next month with a challenge to play any county team in the kingdom, we should most certainly select Yorkshire to represent us. Certainly a committee of experts, such as the county captains in council assembled, would unhesitatingly do so.

Yorkshire's future is assuredly the brightest of all. Neither Rhodes nor Hirst seem to have been overstrained in Australia, the other men are reported fit and well, their great leader still leads them, and their other great amateur, Mr. Stanley Jackson, is still the greatest all-round player of the day. As the French say, he surprises himself.

Essex Sameness.

Concerning Essex there is little to note save its extrication from financial trouble. On bad wickets Mead will bowl the other side out. On good wickets Messrs. Perrin and McGeary will get runs on the other side, but more help and especially more variety is wanted both in batting and in bowling.

Leop-sided Kent.

Kent will again, it seems, be a modest, not to say a retiring, team. Their best cricketers are instant players, and are all merely batsmen, with the exception of Mr. Mason. Nowadays, in order to make runs in first-class cricket a batsman must play regularly. This is incontrovertibly the case, though men like Mr. Jackson, Captain Wynyard, C. M. Wells, Mr. Douglas, and others rise superior to the rules that confine smaller folk.

Kent will always suffer by not possessing a regular eleven. Furthermore, if Mr. Burnup really is non-available his loss will be very severely felt indeed. On the other hand, the few professionals whom Kent owns are good; and, more fortunate than the majority of counties, they have at least one bowler.

Sussex cricketers, of course, summed up in the personal achievements of Mr. Fry and Ranjitsinhji.

Ranjitsinhji, we all know, resigns the captaincy; but, in this case, one scientific cricketer succeeds another in the lead. Lovers of statistics may be interested to know that, in recent years, if the opposing side at the beginning of the match had offered the famous pair 250 runs not to bat it would not have paid Sussex to accept the terms. Sussex's prospects are satisfactory as they are. If a new bowler is found he will be so much to the good. However, the Brighton ground scarcely encourages the budding bowler.

A story is told to the effect that, after a day and a half in the field, Ranjitsinhji kindly condescended with one of his young bowlers on an unfortunate first appearance. He is reported to have said:—"I'm afraid you're on the wrong side—it's very bad luck—couldn't have been worse."

To which the youth rejoined:—"Yes it could, sir. If I'd been on the other side I should have had you and Mr. Fry at me."

Notts' Veterans.

Nottinghamshire will again be Mr. A. O. Jones, Iremonger, and the Gunn family; a stalwart backbone, it is true, but one which requires supplement. Success largely depends on John Gunn's bowling, and John Gunn's bowling depends largely on the weather. Also, once again, the bowler who bats has generally to pay for that proficiency when the other side goes in, especially in these days of continuous cricket. Nottinghamshire should not do badly, but they still seem a long way off recovering their old supremacy.

The Others.

Hampshire, Worcestershire, Derbyshire, Somersetshire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Gloucestershire may be dismissed with a very few general remarks. The interest taken in them by the public is an interest confined to certain individual players who are in the ranks of one or other of them.

For instance, the average reader of the daily paper does not say to himself or to a friend:—"Did Gloucestershire win or lose yesterday?" but "How many runs did Jessop get, and in how many minutes did he get them?"

For the sake of the vitality of cricket one hopes that Mr. Jessop will get more runs than ever, and that he will get them in fewer minutes than ever.

Kopje Methods.

The Boer was wise to lie low behind a kopje. He wanted to win; and drawn contests in war do not count. They have to be fought over again. Moreover, war is not a performance; and those who choose to regard it as such, and go to see it as such, must be content to put up with what they get. But cricket is a performance, and so long as Mr. Jessop advances the prospects of his side with unrivalled rapidity (and at the same time deftly) those who have paid their money to see a sight) the advocates of the cricket-kopje methods must for very shame keep silence. The public has a right to expect public cricketers to come into the open. Mr. Jessop does that.

Famous Players.

Great interest will also attach to the play of such men as Captain Wynyard, Major Poore, Mr. R. E. Foster, Mr. Palairet, and Brand as batsmen; to Mr. Martyn (Somersetshire never lack such men) as a wicket-keeper, and to Brand and Har-

Leonard Braund, of men who have trekked away and taken up their abode in pleasant places. It cannot be entirely uninteresting to consider the outwards-bound, this pointing the same way of all the footsteps. Or, read the equally ominous list of men who were not asked to play, and who went to found the fortunes of other counties. Or, again, read the smaller list of men who were "approached," as it is equally termed, but the negotiations with whom ended in "difficulty." I premised that the time had come for plain talk and I say, unhesitatingly, that these unfortunate results lie at the door of the committee of the Surrey County Cricket Club.

The Useless Committee.

Now I lay it down as a sine qua non in the composition of a cricket committee that it shall contain exclusively:

First, men who are cricketers;

Second, men who are up-to-date cricketers.

I ask anyone who is acquainted with the combination of the committee in question if it fulfils those conditions. Now, for purely cricket detail, it is quite an open point as to whether there ought to be any committee at all. For matters con-



"If I'd been on the other side, I should have had you and Mr. Fry at me."

ducted with beer, gas, drains, water, seating, "roping," and advertisements, gentlemen with a knowledge of such useful adjuncts to success are, of course, required. But cricket administration pure and simple is best left in the hands of a capable captain.

What Surrey Wants.

A strong dictatorship is imperative in the cricket field. Lord Clive, we know, said that he only called one council of war in his life, and then (mercifully for the Empire) he disregarded its advice. That was on the eve of Plassey, and in the morning he ignored his timorous colleagues, fought his great battle, and conquered India.

Surrey had its Clive in Mr. John Shuter, who had a capable successor in Mr. A. E. B. But both these men accomplished what they did accomplish in spite of the committee, and not by reason of it. If Surrey could now find one strong, independent, fearless man to captain the side, he would be worth his place in it, even if his intrinsic batting, bowling, and fielding did not qualify him for the second eleven.

Does it occur to those interested in Surrey cricket to note that Lord Hawke is president of the Yorkshire County club, as well as captain of the eleven?

Idia Excuses.

It is difficult to discuss this great, this perennial, drawback to the success of Surrey cricket without giving pain, if not offence, to certain individuals. But the sooner the subject is tackled within the precincts of the club the better.

It is not because Richardson lost his spin, Lockwood his pace, or Abel his eyesight that Surrey did so badly. Those misfortunes tended to increase trouble, but they were not the "ons et origo mali."

The evil was there in the days when Mr. Walter Read hit the ball to the four corners of the Oval; it was there when George Lohmann mowed down his enemies; and it is there more abundantly to-day than ever. Men will not play for Surrey.

It is for Surrey to set their house in order from within. Then may they prosper with those who come against them from without.

Living on Hope.

Lord Hawke and John Shuters do not grow on blackberry bushes; but even a Hawke and a Shuter is progressive, and of a surety Surrey might at least give some men the chance of becoming one.

Certainly, at the moment Surrey's prospects are poor in the extreme, though doubtless at the annual meeting we shall be told that "the county had had luck last year, but the committee confidently hope for a better season this summer." There are compensations in all things. It is not given to men who are well stricken in years to hope confidently and without a cause.

Considerations of space preclude my here dealing with fixtures other than those in the county championship programme.

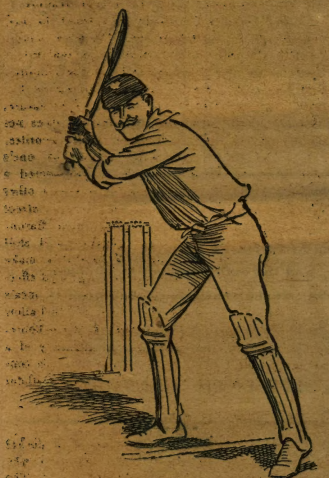
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ONE PENNY. MONDAY NEXT.



Mr. Stanley Jackson is still the greatest all-round player of the day.

his while. But he couldn't make runs if he liked. If he could, he would achieve his ambition, which is to be greater than his fellows and not, at best, their equal.

No: the rain of 1903, like the great fire of 1866, did good. The old-time fire burnt up the plague—what was left of it. The later time rain washed away the drift-chatter about artificial reform—what was left of it. And it was Mr. Fry in particular (who was a standing confutation of smug and comfortable theories) who played a big part in a big cause.

Yet we ought not to have needed a second prophet in the person of Mr. Fry to arise in order to convince us that it is the crisis that produces the man, and that the crisis must come first. For nearly a generation the greatest of all cricketers seemed to toil in vain. On wicket after wicket on which his companions laboured heavily to score three or four runs, the champion made his thirties and forties. And this, too, year after year.

In the contemplation of the one hundred and twenty odd centuries scored in first-class cricket by the Grand Old Man we are apt to overlook the greater merit of these smaller scores and the truths which they teach.

Training a C. B. Fry.

The cricket season of 1903, then, came opportunely, and it impressed upon us at least one valuable lesson, namely, that it was not only the greatest batsman who ever lived that could successfully cope with adversity.

Mr. Fry would be the first to admit that he was not born a great batsman, but that he has trained himself by a joint association of brain and muscle (of which amongst cricketers he is the single living instance) to be a great batsman. Probably he would modestly remark that he has assiduously practised on all wickets until he has learnt to make some runs on most wickets.

Yet the former statement is the more accurate. Last year's season, in fact, to sum up the situation, should be one of hope. The resourceful cricketer can triumph over the elements, and what man has done man can do.

The interest in first-class cricket will depend this season on the weather. There is no Australian invasion, and the South Africans can scarcely be regarded as more than, at best, a

SOCIETY THEATRICALS FOR CHARITY—TO-DAY'S FASHION

AMATEURS IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL" TO-NIGHT.



THE HONOURABLE MRS. SOUTHWELL FITZGERALD AND MISS GLADYS POOLE.



MISS HAMMOND AND MR. FORD.

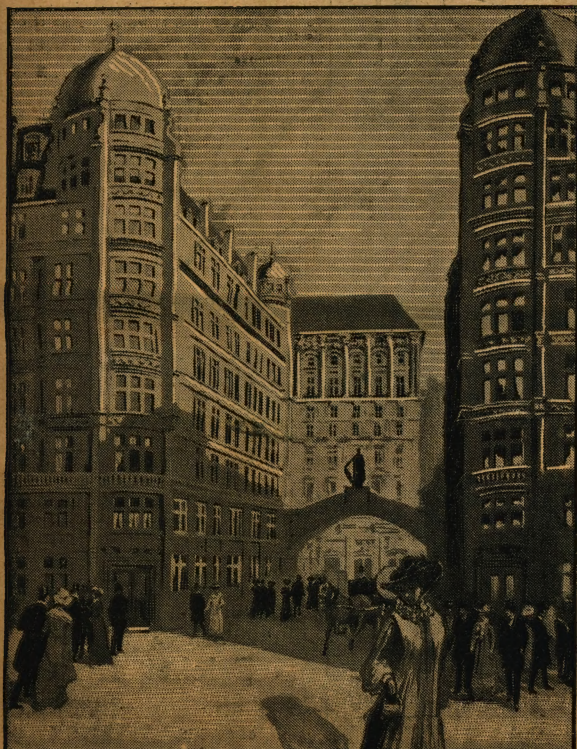
MISS GOULD.



CAPT. THE HONOURABLE SOUTHWELL FITZGERALD.

A series of three amateur performances of "An Artist's Model" begins to-night at the Avenue Theatre, in aid of the Clarence Wing of St. Mary's Hospital. A special extra matinee of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will be given on Tuesday afternoon. The performances are under the patronage of Princess Christian, and the entire production is under the personal of Capt. the Honourable Southwell Fitzgerald. The company is the same that was so successful in the interpretation of "The Geisha" at the Shaftesbury.—See page 11.—(Photograph by J. H. Weston and Hoffmann.)

SAVOY HOTEL—TWENTIETH CENTURY.



The new Strand entrance to Savoy Hotel. The carriage-way has been paved with thick sheets of indiarubber to avoid all sound of traffic.

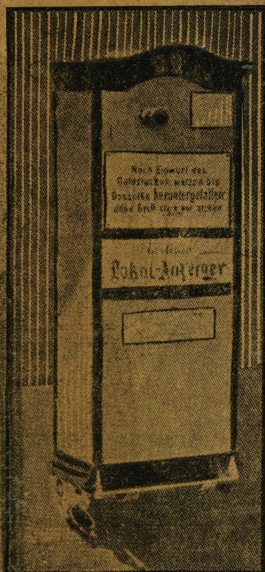
SAVOY PALACE—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



The old Palace of Savoy, as it appeared in the time of Henry VIII. On the same site stands the magnificent Savoy Hotel. See page 11.

WEDDING—OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

AUTOMATIC NEWSPAPERS.



Newspapers are now sold in Berlin by means of these "penny-in-the-slot" machines.

TO-DAY'S SOCIETY WEDDING.



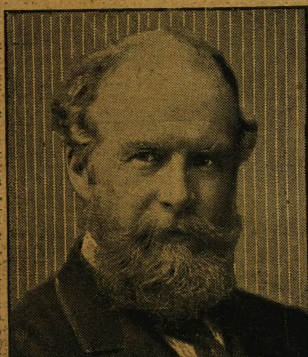
Mr. William Beckwith, of the Coldstream Guards, is to be married this afternoon at 2.30, in the Guards' Chapel, to Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox.—(Photographs by Lafayette, London.)

THE FIRST CRICKET MATCH OF THE SEASON.



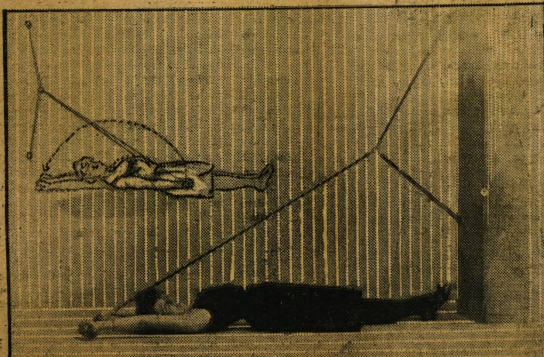
The first-class cricket season opened with a match at the Crystal Palace between London County and Surrey. Lockwood, at the far wicket, has just hit a boundary for Surrey.—(Photograph by Russell.)

INVENTED BANK HOLIDAYS.



Lord Avebury, to whom we owe Bank Holidays, celebrates his seventieth birthday to-day.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

SANDOW'S LESSONS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY.



Raise the arms slowly until outstretched behind the head, inhaling all the while. Pause a moment with chest fully expanded, then bring arms slowly down to sides again, expelling the air to the utmost. See page 12.—(Photograph by Hana.)

SEE PAGE 12.



Raise the dumb-bells slowly upwards and outwards, arms straight, until they are above the level of the back of the head. Pause, then slowly press them down to first position.—(Photograph by Hana.)

BLACK MAGIC—THE TAROT CARDS.

PEEPS INTO FUTURITY.

WHAT THE TAROT CARDS TOLD ME.

After my experiences with Madame Vera, narrated last week in this paper, I decided that I would try another form of divination, and consult still another clairvoyante.

The magic powers of the famous Tarot cards had long been familiar to me by reputation, but as I was assured by those who understood occultism that it took years to perfect one's self in the art of reading these cards, I had some difficulty in finding a clairvoyante who was thoroughly conversant in this study.

I was informed by those who had visited the gifted sibyl, I at length discovered, that her reading of the cards was quite marvellous, and that she added an extraordinary intuition to her other psychic powers. Of Irish blood, she was possessed of that gift of second sight so often innate in those of the Celtic temperament, and I was led to believe that in her hands the Tarot cards would reveal the future in a way that was absolutely startling!

An appointment was made by letter. This clairvoyante was very popular with society women, and it was reported that many ladies went to see her every month to ascertain whether the cards held anything new for them. On the evening of my appointment I made my way along Chelsea Embankment with feelings that were distinctly depressing. Suppose the Tarot cards should reveal the happiness for me of marrying the man I loved, and the future should show more rosy things than any I had ever dared to dream of? Would not my happiness be founded on another woman's misery and be gained at the cost of another woman's joy?

No matter which way I looked, I could see no solution that promised absolute peace and contentment, for no woman, with any sense of honour, can deliberately wish to wreck her fellow-sister's life merely to achieve her own happiness.

The Oldest Cards in the World.

Arrived at the flat, I was shown into a small ante-room, and was kept waiting some considerable time. Presently the trim maid-servant ushered me into the next room, and I found myself in the presence of Miss Ita, the name chosen by the clairvoyante for professional purposes. There was nothing very weird about the lady, who rose at my entrance and begged me to sit down facing a powerful lamp. The clairvoyante was a middle-aged woman, with rather a sad face, piercing dark eyes under thick eyebrows, and an expression of melancholy about her mouth. She scrutinised my face very closely in the strong light of the lamp, and then, uncovering a pack of cards, bade me take them in my hands, hold them for a few moments, and then cut them.

"The Tarot cards," she said, in answer to my question, "are the oldest fortune-telling cards in existence. Mine are seventy-two in number, but sometimes the packs include only fifty-six cards. You will see how they differ from ordinary cards in their designs. Look at this card, for instance, that you have cut. Do you see it represents a figure with the sun's rays streaming down on to it from the skies? That is good fortune for you. But this next one represents a skeleton, and that is an evil omen, and means some event in connection with a death."

Again those ominous words! But now Miss Ita began to lay out the cards in rows of seven, all face uppermost. Never have I seen anything so weird in the designs they represented. Demons, wheels, figures of the most grotesque order, stars, interlaced triangles, and devices that I was quite unable to interpret.

A Mocking Demon.

"It has taken me over ten years to learn the real meaning," said Miss Ita, begging me to shuffle again and to cut with my left hand, "but now it is quite easy to read the Tarot cards, and I never knew them to make a mistake."

At last the required rows were all laid out, and I must confess that as I hung rather breathlessly over the cards, their mystic devices seemed to exercise a fascination over my brain. I began to understand why people consulted the cards for their future. It seemed as though some powerful magnetism emanated from each one of these weird Tarot figures, and as though the grotesque and uncanny faces suddenly became alive and charged with vitality!

"Here you are," said Miss Ita, pointing to a dark queen, "and you are separated from the man who loves you by this fair woman. I cannot see happiness at present for you—this demon is mocking you—do you see that he stands next to you? That is your evil destiny. But there is a star next to that, and your evil destiny will be overcome. The woman who separates you has also a star next to her—yes, it is the star of marriage."

Loved By Many Men.

"Then she was to be his wife." I tried to listen to Miss Ita's words as she resumed: "This card above the man you love means a very bad accident. Either he will be in a railway collision or he will meet with an accident that will injure him for some time. But do you see this card with the sun shining in full strength? That will protect him from death, though this little device in the corner means that it has not sufficient strength to shield him altogether from injury. I fear that he will be ill for some time—so ill that the doctors may despair of his life. But do not be frightened. He will recover, though the card next to the sun shows that he will never be quite the same strong man again."

Once more she bade me cut and lay out the cards. "Many men have loved you," she began, taking out some of the cards from the row, "but you have not cared for them. You are of the faithful, stable disposition that can only love once in a lifetime. If you were more volatile you would be happier in one sense, though your happiness would not be



Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox, who to-day marries Mr. Beckwith, at the Guards' Chapel, in to wear a very beautiful white chiffon dress, sumptuously trimmed with old Brussels lace, part of which forms a deep apron upon the skirt. The train is a semi-transparent one of chiffon. Two going-away dresses have been prepared for the bride—a very pale blue one if the day be fine, and a darker blue one if it be dull. From these she will make her choice.

so deep. This woman who separates you is less stable than you. She thinks she loves this man, and I see that they are bound to one another. But she would be quite as happy with another, and there is a blonde man with blue eyes who is fond of her, upon whom she is turning her back at present. Do you see this card? It is upside down, and that is rather ominous for her. I do not think she will marry the man she is engaged to, though unless she cuts the cards herself I cannot say for certain. You are in this row and the card next to you indicates that you will travel. You are going away soon—far sooner than you think and you will certainly be separated for some time from the man you love. But this star is constantly recurring. You are bound to come out triumphant in the end. Unluckily you were born under Saturn and your happiness and success must come later in life. But it will come, so do not despair."

As I left Miss Ita's flat my brain was busy with one question. The Tarot cards had declared that my rival would marry. But was her business to be the man I loved or was she to be the wife of the man who was fond of her?

I determined to try and seek the solution by still another method of divination!

the artificial, limelife out of her head. Nature was conquering!

Everything is quite ready, Mr. Gray, sir." Mrs. Pegg's summons to the solemn duty of breakfast, repeated twice, drew him from his thoughts. He turned from the window and sat down at the end of the table where the cloth was spread. He dropped up the letter that the post had brought him against the toast-rack and read it through again as he ate his breakfast. Though the letter was from Overton, where Janet was staying, it was not from her; his correspondent was Mrs. Benjafield, Janet's hostess at the farm.

The letter was written in an angular pointed hand, and with the scratchy pen that people who write seldom invariably possess. It began: "My dear Master Jack." He had always been Master Jack to her, and would be to the end of the chapter. "Bless you, I never can think of you as being grown up to a man!" she would say.

"My dear Master Jack, I'm just writing you these few lines which I meant to write to you quite three weeks ago, which I never found time to, writing letters being quite a serious undertaking with me, as you well know. You remember, Master John, when I wrote before I told you I wasn't quite sure that it was right your sending down the young lady, for I always have spoke my mind, Master John, what I nursed from a baby of three weeks old, and which I always shall. Well, Master Jack, I'm not too proud to tell you I've quite altered my opinion. For a nicer, more lovable young lady never walked, and a sad story she have had which made my heart bleed for her when she took me into her confidence and told me all about it, as she did. And I said to her, for I always say what I think, you know that, Master John, 'What a pity it was, I said, as you may say, Master Jack didn't make a match of it, instead of marrying that good-for-nothing—that she spoke a word against him, for he hasn't, not a syllable, for which I respect her, and wish others was like-wise that maybe have less cause. We all love her, she's so gentle and sweet-mannered, only she wants one thing, and that is young society. Young folk want young folk to be with, Master John, which is only natural, especially after what she's had to bear, which makes my heart ache every time I think of it, her so young to know such a sort of trouble. Young folk's company is what she wants, Master John, to cheer her up. What's the use of the company of an old body like me?" Gray took his eyes from the letter.

Yes, Mrs. Benjafield was right. She ought to have young society. Though Janet's letters had

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XX. A Great Improvement.

John Gray stood by the open window of his room, with the letter in his hand that the morning post had just brought him; over from the Temple gardens the cool breeze came pleasantly to his face. More than a month had passed since he had put Janet into the train at King's Cross. During those weeks she had written to him several times: the little bundle of letters lay treasured up in a drawer—did she guess what wonderful pleasure they had given him? They were just the sort of letters he had expected she would write.

Frank, friendly letters, in which she gave him little intimate impressions of the place, the people—she was charmed with everything down there in Sleepy Hollow; she found Mrs. Benjafield the dearest old soul in the world; the farmhouse with its twisted chimney stacks and many gables was delightful; he had not exaggerated the charm of the village at all.

One subject Janet had not referred to in her letters—the stage. Was she beginning to think less of that ambition? He had promised he would help her if she were still bent on this career; but whilst he promised he hoped that when once she was away from London and other interests distracted her mind the desire would pass. In the country she would be able to think things calmly out; it would come to her that it was her craving to go on the stage that indirectly had led to the tragedy that had touched her life with that crowning horror, when she had seen the man she had married sentenced in the Old Bailey. She had not mentioned the stage once in her letters—that was a good sign. The country air and sunlight must be blowing all those foolish dreams of

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EXTRAORDINARY VALUE.

COSTER QUEEN

Buried with Princely Pomp at a Cost of £60.

A princess could scarcely have been buried with more pomp and circumstance than attended the obsequies of Emily Bailey, the wife of a Holloway coster.

She was well known for her kindness of heart and cheerfulness, both qualities that costers particularly appreciate, and the whole of the community turned out in their Sunday best "to attend her on her last ride," as one of them put it.

The ceremony began with the arrival at the house of the husband of two mutes. "Dressed in their sombre garb, and provided with heavy rods tipped with brass, it was their duty to knock at the door as each mourner arrived.

An hour later the funeral procession started for Finchley Cemetery.

The way was led by a man carrying a huge tray of splendid black feathers, followed by the two mutes, as shown by the illustration on page 1. Then came the open hearse, drawn by six black horses, each wearing a plume headress, and the leading couple guided by a postillion. Four coaches followed, each drawn by horses caparisoned with velvet and wearing plumes.

Mrs. Bailey's life was insured for £200, and the cost of the funeral was over £60.

A large number of insurance agents attended the funeral and actively touted the mourners with the merits of the companies they represented. They did excellent business, as many raw an opportunity of being buried with similar pomp by the aid of an insurance policy was offered.

The streets that the cortege passed through were thronged with sightseers, a coster's funeral being a rare event in North London.

CROWD'S ALL-NIGHT HOAX.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.
Some persons passing the Heilands Church, in the north of Berlin, saw what seemed to be a body hanging from the tower of the church. It was concluded that one of the workmen employed in repairing the tower had committed suicide.

Crowds gathered quickly, and women fainted as they glanced at the dreadful thing swinging about in the breeze. The fire brigade was summoned, and a large force of police had to be requisitioned to keep the excited and ever-increasing crowds in check.

People waited in feverish anxiety till daylight till someone brought a telescope, when it was found that the supposed suicide was only a basket.

Roars of laughter followed the discovery, and with cheers for the enterprising fire brigade the crowd merrily dispersed.

STOPPED BY A BULLET.

VIENNA, Friday.

Recently an Austrian woodsman living near Troppa, Silesia, desired to cross the Russian frontier, and asked permission of the Russian gendarmes.

This was refused, and as he could not obtain a passport, he jumped into a boat and endeavored to cross the river. The Russians at once fired at him, one of three shots proving fatal. His body was recovered and conveyed to the Russian barracks.

There are now close upon seven hundred rifle clubs in direct affiliation with the National Rifle Association and the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, representing at least 45,000 members. Between 60,000 and 65,000 civilians are now votaries of the art of marksmanship.

not breathed a hint of it, he guessed from Mrs. Benjafeld's words that she could not altogether shake off her depression. How could he have expected her to forget a great sorrow so easily? He ought to have thought of that. He was so fond of the place; it had never occurred to him she could be dull there.

"Now, Master Jack, you haven't been down here once this week, which is quite the exception with you—and I don't like it, for, after all, you're my own dear boy, and, if I am a dull old body, I still expect to be treated as such. If it's this young lady which is keeping you away, I shall send her away, so there, for no one's to come between me and my Master John! The close time for the fish will soon be over, and there's a nice few fish in the river, the bream in the mill pool uncommon fine, old Dan at the mill tells me, and good prospect for sport. Some fishing will do you a sight more good than spoiling of your eyes studying in London for those there examinations."

Gray smiled at "examinations."
"And Dolly—you remember Dolly, the old brindle cow, she has the prettiest little calf you ever set your eyes on, so I shall look for you shutting up your books and coming here at once. Now I must conclude, hoping you'll excuse my mistakes, as I have got my dictionary wedged under the dresser to prop it until I can get the leg mended. You mustn't let Mrs. Davenport being here keep you away because it will be alright. No one will say a word, with me what's treated five of my own chaperoning, as they call it—Always yours, with my dearest love and respectfully, ANN BENJAFELD."

"Come at once?" Should he accept the invitation? His work was rather tight just now; he could hardly get over to the river to-day, and he could hardly get away now. It would be a shame to miss those bream in the mill pool, now the close season for fishing was ending; a week's fishing would do him good. And—and—yes, it would be pleasant to see Janet, to spend a week with her in Arcadia. Why not? He stared out of the window. It would be a kindness to put some word in Muirhead's way—a nice fellow, Muirhead; clever chap, too; he only wanted his chance to get on at the Bar; it would be a friendly act to put some work in Muirhead's way. A rest would do him good, too—he'd been sticking rather closely at it lately. And a week in Arcadia?

Why shouldn't he? It would be all right. As Mrs. Benjafeld said, she would be there to chape-

£1,000,000 HOTEL.

Luxury Reigns at the New Savoy.

HUSTLED INTO BEING.

At the beginning of this week, to the glance of the "cursory observer," the Savoy Hotel extension looked far from completion. On Tuesday the new entrance to the Strand will open, and the forty-foot wide rubber roadway will be ready to render noiseless the wheels of the carriages and cabs which drive into the spacious glass-covered courtyard.

A very different spectacle this to the old days of King Henry VIII., when, on the same site, stood his Palace of the Savoy, which he made a favourite residence. The pictures on page 8 give an interesting comparison between the tall, imposing, modern structure, and the battlemented old palace, to the river entrance of which the royal pleasure barge is depicted approaching.

Only as far back as April 1 last year Messrs. Stewart and Co., the famous American hustling builders, took over the contract for the extension. In thirteen months only the great structure has sprung up. Money has been simply ploughed into the job, and the place has been a regular Klondyke for the hands employed.

Labourers Grow Rich.

More labourers, the richest in London, have been earning from £4 to £5 a week. They will be sorry when it is over, though they have had to work for their money the week, fourteen hours a day at least, Sundays included.

Mr. Stewart is in America, but Mr. Cowper, his representative, said yesterday that he was proud of what had been done.

"See here," he insisted, "remember we have only had four Americans on, and two of those have been office men. Thirteen months! It is a record even for America. You understand if there had been a large area it would have been not such a difficult business; merely a question of men. Here there is such a small space. You can't put three men working on a square yard."

"In America, it is easier," he quick, too, on account of the steel framework throughout that is always used. Anyhow, by dint of 1,200 men going all the time and a fortunate escape from hitches, here we are, where we are!

A Gilded Palace.

The new Savoy will be a palatial place in the true sense of the term.

The entrance hall is enriched with marble columns with gilded capitals, finely-carved mahogany screens and fittings, and a beautiful frieze by Mr. Bertram Pegram. The walls and floors of the restaurant adjoining are of marble and mosaic, and the fittings of electro-plate.

From the marble-walled vestibule steps run up to a grand foyer, with Georgian decorations and a grand carved ceiling. The ornate and crystal decorations are copied from the finest productions of the Louis XVI. period. A copy of Gustave Flou's famous group of statuary, "The Three Graces," is a noteworthy ornament of the foyer, which ends in a plate-glass screen extending from floor to ceiling. Doors of crystal, with gilt-metal frames opening through it, lead into the famous restaurant, with its terrace overlooking the Embankment Gardens and the river.

On every floor of the building an American cutter mail chute post-box (the first in England) has been installed. Letters are posted on each floor in a locked box, from which they descend untouched to the main postal box, which is constantly cleared by the Post Office men.

From first to last the vast extension has cost the directors of the hotel company no less than £1,000,000 sterling.

It would do Janet good and himself good. In the name of all that was reasonable why hesitate? Why did he hesitate? What was he afraid of?

Was he afraid that there might be a fierce, aching pain, to intrude on the pleasure, in finding himself down there in Arcadia with her, her daily companion, yet in a relationship so different from the nearer intimate bond he had once dreamed of—the pain that the thought of the might-have-been brings? He loved her still, would always love her—and he could only be her friend. Would the daily companionship with her give keener edge to those longings he must keep hidden in his heart, make it harder to hold his feelings under the iron

"TILL JUDGMENT COME."

The one story chosen by three publishers' readers from one thousand novels begins publication in the

"WEEKLY DISPATCH"

TO-MORROW.

curb of loyalty to friendship that he had imposed on them? Was he afraid of that? And yet the joy of being with her!

Pain and pleasure—bitter and sweet! Was it not the whole story of life—the warp and woof that are indissolubly intermingled? Why should he not go? Why not?

He looked across to the Temple Gardens. The trees were fresh and green, and the sunlight was on the river, and the freshness of the trees and the magic of the river, in that little country place where his thoughts were—where Janet was!

Why should he hesitate?

"I'll go to-day!" he told himself.

And so he did.

He sent a telegram, and followed it by the next train. As he stepped into Huntingdon Station he put his head out of the carriage window, with all the eagerness of a schoolboy going home for the holi-

POISONED CHEESE.

Police Action Justified by Home Office Expert.

Dr. Stevenson, the well-known Home Office analyst, has concluded his examination in connection with the Kendal poison mystery. He reports that, without prejudice to anyone, he can say the action of the police in the case was justified.

It will be remembered that after the death of James Gilpin, a retired Westmoreland farmer, eighty-three years of age, an anonymous letter was received by the Mayor of Kendal, and in consequence of this Gilpin's housekeeper, Elizabeth Nicholson, and Thomas Metcalfe, an ex-soldier, were arrested.

During the subsequent proceedings it has transpired that one day Nicholson purchased arsenic from a chemist, stating that she wanted it to poison rats. Three days later Gilpin was found dead in bed.

After her arrest Nicholson stated that she obtained the arsenic at Gilpin's request, and by his instructions mixed it with some fat and spread it on pieces of bread or cheese. She was in the act of putting the mixture in the rat holes when she was called away to answer the door, so she placed it on the chair beside her master's bed.

When she came back Mrs. Gilpin said, "I scattered a piece of cheese, and it went on to the chair, and I've picked it up off the chair and eaten it."

At the request of counsel for the Treasury, the two prisoners, when they were brought before the Kendal magistrates again yesterday, were remanded till Monday.

SECRETS OF CHEAP BRANDY.

Disquieting ideas as to faked brandy are suggested by the recent prosecution of a retailer for selling spirit which never knew the grape.

Messrs. Martell and Co., the noted brandy importers, informed a *Mirror* representative yesterday that imitation brandies came into the market following a "scare" that the grape-vines had been attacked by the phylloxera. Thousands of gallons of spirit, made chiefly from beetroot, are imported into the country at 1s. 2d. per gallon, and sold as French brandy, whereas the cheapest grape spirit for brandy costs 7s. 6d. per gallon.

If the duty of 12s. 10d. be added to this, and 1s. per year for rent, interest, etc., for eight years—the time necessary to mature brandy—the cost, with labour, etc., amounts to 30s. per gallon, or six bottles.

It is thus impossible to sell genuine brandy at 3s. per bottle. A fair price is 7s.

Mr. Cameron, of Camerons, Limited, said the French chemists were so clever that they could manufacture the "essence of grape" in a way to deceive the smartest experts.

DUKE'S DAUGHTER'S WEDDING.

This afternoon, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, the wedding takes place of Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox to Mr. Beckwith, of the Coldstream Guards.

As usual, the portico and aisle will be lined with men of the bridegroom's regiment. The prettily-groomed bridesmaids will include Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, sister of the bride, and her niece, Lady Amy Gordon-Lennox.

The bride, who is very pretty, with soft golden hair and a pale complexion, will wear a wedding dress covered with lace and a wreath of orange blossoms. She will give away her bridesmaids by the Duke of Richmond, and the reception will be held at the residence of her aunt, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox.

Portraits of the bride and bridegroom appear on page 9.

days, wondering whether he would see Janet waiting to meet him on the platform. He was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment to see Mrs. Benjafeld there alone.

The train slowed up. He opened the carriage door, flung out his kit-bag, and calmly indifferent to the porters and the on- or two loafers about, he stepped out. Benjafeld hearily on her heels, causing the old lady to beam with pleasure.

Gray walked with her, talking gaily, to the dog-cart that waited outside; a porter following with his bag and a bundle of rods. He gave her his hand to mount, she stepped briskly up, and Gray followed. Then, when the luggage was put in at the back, she shook the reins that she held in her practised hand and they drove off.

"How pleased I was to get your telegram, Master Jack," she said. "I was in the kitchen making pies when it came, and my hands were all floury, so I should have been sure to ask Miss Janet—I always think of her as that; my tongue won't curl round the 'Mrs. Davenport'—to open it for me, if she had been in the kitchen, which luckily she wasn't."

"Likely?"

"Oh, I haven't told her," and the old lady's eyes twinkled. "I'm keeping that as a surprise for her. And won't she be surprised, too!"

Gray felt suddenly glad; he understood now why Janet had not accompanied Mrs. Benjafeld to meet him.

"Your coming will do her a lot of good," continued Mrs. Benjafeld, "for though she does try to hide it from me I can see she mopes sometimes. But shall cheer up now you've come; never doubt that. She thinks a deal of you, Master Jack!"

It was foolish of Gray—he felt it was foolish—to look suddenly a little embarrassed, as he felt he was looking—and to feel so pleased at the old lady's words.

His spirits felt wonderfully elated as they bowed along; they had left the town behind, and their road lay between green hedges and long stretches of meadowland yellowing with buttercups. Who could feel in the highest spirits, on such a day, with the sun shining—and the prospect of a friend waiting for him at the end of the five-mile drive?

"It's my opinion she reads too much, Master Jack," said Mrs. Benjafeld, after a pause. "I have no patience with such poring over books. Be out in the sunshine and fresh air, I say to her—when she's at the house, I say to her—'You shan't wilt! I'm here!' he told her gaily. 'You don't know how afraid she is of me when I look stern!'"

GAIETY AMATEURS.

Society Ladies Who Can Give Points to Professionals.

STAGE DOOR TROUBLES.

In aid of the Clarence Wing of St. Mary's Hospital, a company of amateurs are playing "The Artist's Model" to-night at the Avenue Theatre, by kind permission of Messrs. George Edwards and Sidney Jones. The performance will be repeated on Monday and Tuesday evenings next week. If the production is successful it will be continued on Wednesday and Thursday. On Tuesday the same company will give a matinee in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Captain Henry Southall Fitzgerald, who has personally directed and managed the entire production, speaking to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, said that he had the greatest confidence in his company.

"They will give, I am sure," he cried enthusiastically, "as good a show as a professional company. Miss Hettie Murel, by the way, is a professional. She was Messrs. Musgrove and Williamson's leading lady, and to-night is her first appearance in London."

"All my principal actors are the same as those who took part in the successful performance of the 'Gaiety' at the Shaftesbury."

Captain Fitzgerald laughed when he was asked about the troubles of directing a company of amateurs.

"They're all right," he said; "they are as keen as mustard. They have to be off now and again from rehearsals to keep society engagements, but that is easily managed. A strong hand from the first is my motto."

A Persistent Admirer.

"No, the trouble comes from outside. At the dress rehearsal on Friday night a friend of one of the ladies called at the stage door and demanded to be let in. They came to me about it. I refused him admittance. After a lot of bother he went away. However, he came again and insisted upon coming in. We had practically to throw him out."

"There is a young girl in the chorus who has a long way to come to the theatre, so her mother brings her. On Friday she wished to go down to the dressing-room to dress her daughter, and was most annoyed when I gave her politely to understand that dressers were provided downstairs for the ladies of the company, but there was no accommodation for her mother."

Capt. Southwell Fitzgerald is expecting a bumper house. Lady Rothschild, Baroness Falk, Mr. St. John Paulet, and Mr. Temple Blackwood were among many society people who have booked seats and are bringing parties. The students of St. Mary's have booked the whole gallery. They thought they would feel freer up there.

The Hon. Mrs. Southwell Fitzgerald, who takes the principal part as Daisy Vane, is one of the best of our amateur actresses. She is the daughter of Mr. Peter Borchards, Surveyor-General of Customs at Cape Town. He has two sons, and two sons-in-law—the entire male side of the family—were all fighting in the Boer war at the same time.

Portraits of the principal members of the company are to be found on page 8.

VISCOUNT HAYASHI "EXALTED."

His Excellency Viscount Hayashi, who is at the present time Worshipful Master of the Empire Lodge of Freemasons, No. 2,108, is to be exalted to the supreme degree of the Royal Arch at the next convocation of the Empire Chapter, which will be held at the Criterion, Piccadilly, on Thursday, May 12 next.

Mrs. Benjafeld laughed.

"You look stern! Don't tell me!" she cried. "I don't think you'd know how to look stern if you tried, Master John."

The journey's end was in sight at last. A few scattered cottages—and then the village streets, where in the distance a gleaming gossamer by the forge Gray recognised acquaintances. He shouted out a greeting to the blacksmith as they drove past, who came to the door of the forge to ejaculate in surprise, as he looked after them—

"Well, if it bea'n't Muster Gray! If that doesn't beat all!"

The dog-cart turned the corner, came into sight of the long low-baked farmhouse, and slowed up.

"Won't Miss Janet just be surprised to see you!" said Mrs. Benjafeld. "I expect you'll find her in the best parlour."

Gray strode through the stone flagged passage with a feeling of odd eagerness. Janet had heard the dog-cart drive past, and she came out to greet Mrs. Benjafeld on her return as he walked up.

"Mr. Gray!" she exclaimed in surprise.

Then a little flush of pleasure came to her face as she held out her hand.

"Have you come to turn me out of your room?" she cried gaily.

"I came to see for myself that you are making satisfactory progress," he laughed, looking at her. "Come, this is better!" he cried, after a moment's scrutiny. Overton had done wonders for her. The tiredness was gone out of her face; the old colour and the rounded curves had come back; she was looking better, brighter. "Why you're not the same girl I put into the train at King's Cross!"

It would be heavy ungrateful of me if I were!" she told him, as he followed her into the parlour, with its old-fashioned mahogany horsehair furniture; a big pot-pourri bowl gave a faint perfume of dried rose-leaves and lavender.

There was a little pile of paper-backed books on the table; she had been reading when he drove up.

"I have one bone to pick with you. I hear you spend too much time reading, when you should be out of doors!" he told her with an air of playful severity.

Gray picked up one of the books and glanced at it as he spoke. For a moment the smile faded from his face.

So, she was not forgetting the stage after all as he had hoped. Was the cry of it blood?

The books she had been reading were

To be continued on Monday

PHYSICAL CULTURE AS AN AID TO BEAUTY.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

CHAPTER II. THE COMPLEXION.

The care of the complexion is no new cult, for more than 2,000 years ago Xenophon wrote, "Men regarded a genuine complexion as most pleasing," and they undoubtedly still do so.

Few ladies realise that the health of the body depends very largely upon the skin, and, vice versa, the state of the skin depends very largely upon the state of the body. The skin has a great variety of functions, the majority of which are generally overlooked. It acts as a means of contact and communication with external objects by the sense of touch. As a protection our skin adapts itself most readily to circumstances, as may be noticed on the hands of labourers, where it becomes almost of the substance of horn in order to be able to protect the inner flesh from injury to which it is liable in the course of his calling; whilst that on the palm of the man or woman of leisure remains as soft as silk because it is not called upon to meet the strains that fall to the lot of the former.

Our Three Skins.

The skin forms a perpetual medium of drainage of the whole system, carrying off superfluous moisture in the form of unconscious perspiration, and directly it becomes clogged in this work ill-health of the body results, and disfigurement of the skin appears. Now, the skin action in this drainage is muscular, and is directly connected with the circulation of the blood. That famous skin specialist, Dr. James Starton, of the Skin Hospital, in one of his books, writes that "appropriate bathing and physical exercises are two of the greatest safeguards against both internal and skin diseases."

The skin has three layers—the outermost forms the protection, the second layer contains the fluid, from which the skin's colour is derived, and the third, or innermost, is the true skin. It is this third layer which plays the greatest part as regards the beauty of the complexion. In it are the thousands of little channels which allow of the free passage of the millions of minute waste products which it is the skin's duty to discharge (all unconsciously to its owner) from its surface.

This passing out of waste matter in the form of perspiration is carried on by muscular means, so here I come to the point of why beauty is best achieved by systematic movements.

Disfiguring Pimples.

If the surface muscles do not work properly there is a stoppage of the regular flow of the waste fluids, and they collect in the blocked-up passages, with the outward effect of a discolouration of the skin. Sometimes they create a sallow appearance, at others a too florid one, and more often than not the end of the matter is that the panned-up impurity forces itself outwards in the form of an eruption, or one of those irritating and disfiguring pimples. At another place in the same book which I previously quoted the skin specialist says: "The more exercise we take in the open air the better for our complexions; we, especially ladies, do not take half enough."

The demands of present-day society quite prevent the lady of fashion from getting sufficient open-air exercise for the preservation of perfect health in general and of her skin in particular. Even more so is the business woman, whose calling confines her to a desk in an office or behind a shop counter debarred. Here it is that physical culture steps in, for its prime value is that by means of long years of scientific study the exact effect of certain movements upon each particular function of the body has been discovered, so that it is possible, roughly speaking, to in ten minutes make a series of easy movements which crystallise almost all the same results and benefits which would be obtained from an ideal day of exercise in an open-air life.

Powder-pot Abolished.

It is now quite a number of years since I first commenced to urge upon the women of this country the home exercise substitute for the powder-pot and enamel-box, and it is most pleasing to note how many of society's leading beauties to-day have a really good skin obtained and kept in order by home exercise alone, instead of, as formerly, possessing bad complexions made to look good by the imperfections being covered by artificial means. These ladies either came to me for advice at one of my schools or were treated by correspondence from Basing House, and have found the improvement so marked, that now they would not miss their daily exercises on any account. Gentle massage of the face is most useful, and everyone

may do this for themselves. Wrinkles can, so to speak, be smoothed away by light rubbing, and the exercises, two of which are shown on page 9, then restore the lost flesh and fat, for wrinkles come from a drying-up of the natural flesh and fat close below the surface of the skin.

Before leaving the question of the complexion to turn to beautiful body-building, I must add a word which should appeal very strongly to every woman. By cultivating a beautiful skin herself she is laying the foundation of a still more perfect one in her children, for quality of complexion is hereditary, and if properly treated skins go on improving if possible from generation to generation. You may not, reader, be able to leave your daughter a pile of material wealth, but you can do much, very much, by a due care of your own physique and skin to enable her to feel that "her face is her fortune," and no small one either, for there is no limit to the power of a beautiful woman.

EUGEN SANDOW.

[Chapter I. of this series, specially contributed to the "Mirror," appeared yesterday.]

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

"MIRROR" PRIZE WINNERS.

THE THREE BEST HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

The prizes for the three best household recipes are awarded as follows:—21 goes to Mrs. Gilliland, 7, Ellenswood-road, Aigburth, Liverpool, for her recipe To Clear a House from Beetles; 10s. goes to Mrs. Wilks, Redbrook, Seabrook-road, Hythe, Kent, for a good hint To Prevent Crockery Being Broken; and I send 5s. to Mrs. Emra, 30, Grafton-road, Acton, W., for a recipe for the Removal of Tea Stains.

TO CLEAR A HOUSE FROM BEETLES.

To clear a house from beetles, take a pound of powdered borax, and put it in a tin with a perforated lid. Dust the borax lightly over the floor, on the walls, and into the cupboards, and everywhere in fact where the beetles are seen. They will soon disappear if this treatment is followed.

TO PREVENT CROCKERY BEING BROKEN.

Half an inch of indiarubber tubing put on the end of the taps over the sink will prevent the crockery being broken when it is being rinsed or washed under the tap.

TO REMOVE TEA STAINS.

Tea stains can be entirely removed from tray-cloths, aprons, muslin dresses, etc., by pouring boiling water through the stains, arranging the material over a basin, without straining it tightly. This should be repeated till the tea leaves no mark. The sooner it is done the less trouble there will be about it; but the result is certain.

"WHO'LL GO FOR A SAILOR?"

Breezy sea songs are always received with favour by the British public, and therefore the success of "Who'll go for a Sailor" is not surprising, for no breezier sea song has been published in England for some time past.

Since the beginning of the year, when it was published by the Willis Music Company, this song has been sung by half a dozen popular baritones in various places in town and country, but Mr. Hamilton Hill has done most towards making it familiar with the public.

He sang it first at the Tivoli Music Hall, where it was so favourably received that in his following engagement at the Palace Theatre he was requested to sing it every night for eight weeks.

Beside going round all the provincial music halls, "Who'll go for a Sailor" will, during the summer, be sung at Southend, Broadstairs, Yarmouth, Blackpool, and many other favourite holiday resorts.

ANYWHERE
1d.

THE
BEST OF
ALL SUNDAY
NEWSPAPERS
IS THE

Weekly
Dispatch.

TO READ IT ONCE
IS TO ALWAYS
WANT IT.
GET THE
HABIT.

1d.

EVERYWHERE.

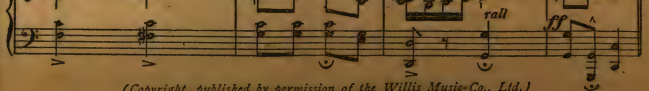
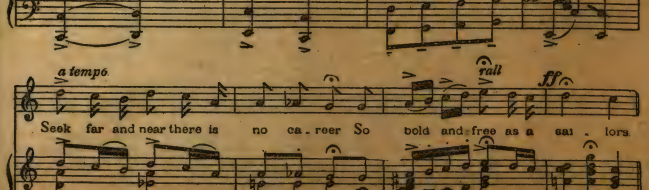
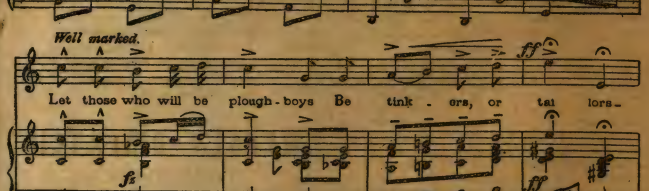
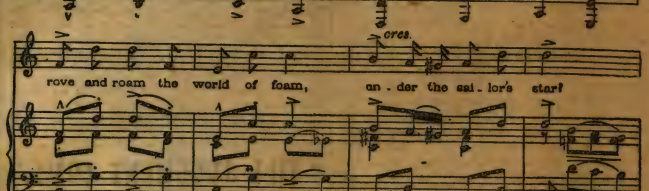
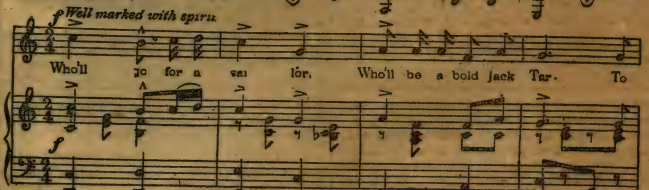
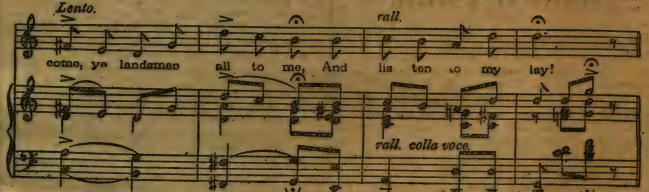
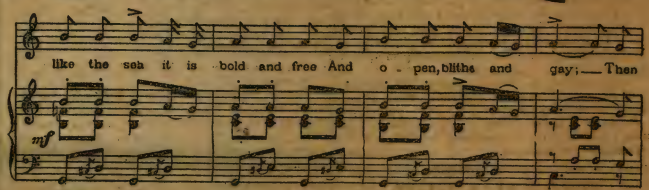
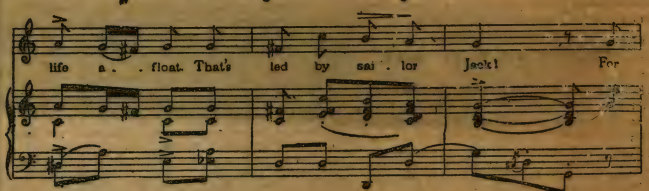
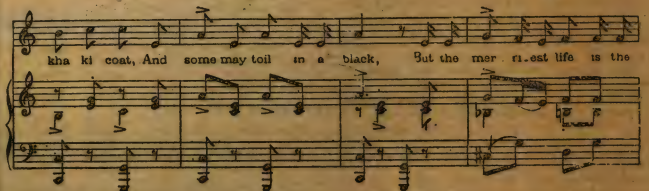
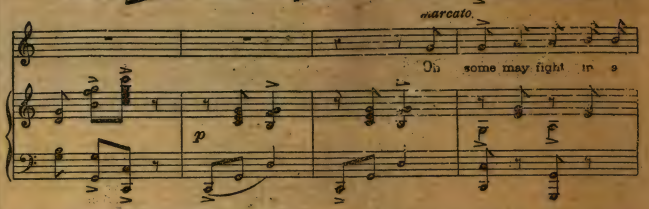
"WHO'LL GO FOR A SAILOR?"

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Allegretto con spirito

Music by ED. ST. QUENTIN.

PIANO.



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THE SILENCE OF MR. GILBERT.

The Famous Playwright Will Discuss Everything Except His New Play.

The reappearance on the playbills of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's name is an event of great interest. His last new piece was "His Excellency," produced at the Lyric Theatre just ten years ago.

On Tuesday next Mr. Bouchier will introduce to the world "The Fairy's Dilemma," which he persuaded Mr. Gilbert to write for the Garrick Theatre. It bids fair to be the most interesting event of the theatrical season. But upon this subject Mr. Gilbert is dumb to all queries. Not a word can be got out of him. He will talk about anything else, but the new play must be left severely alone.

Mr. Gilbert was once hailed by the "Quarterly Review" as the best of our minor poets. He himself declares, however, that he is merely a verse-spinner.

For all that, the public are of the opinion that many of the "Verse-spinner's" productions have one characteristic of true poetry; they have the unmistakable ring of genuine inspiration.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert is a big man with a big mind. His grey hair does not detract from his youthful appearance. His tall, upright figure suggests the soldier rather than the writer, and there is a strong look of determination in his handsome face. Indeed, it is to this vein of determination in his character that Mr. Gilbert attributes the largest portion of his success.

Noisy! Became a Soldier.

Success needs some idea; other men meet success. Mr. Gilbert belongs to the latter class.

He was born in 1836 in Southampton-street, London, where his family had lived for many generations.

His grandfather was well known as the last survivor of the fashion of pigtails and Hessian boots.

Like Professor Huxley and Cardinal Newman, Mr. Gilbert was educated at Ealing.

He spent most of his leisure time in writing plays for home performances.

"They were so vociferously applauded," he says, "by the select body of friends and relations who saw them performed, that I soon determined to seek a larger stage. I celebrated my eighteenth birthday by writing a burlesque in eighteen scenes."

"I thought it at the time a very wonderful performance, but not more wonderful than the unanimity which the countless managers to whom it was sent displayed in rejecting it. I could not fathom the reason then. I can now."

The rejection of his darling manuscript set his thoughts in another direction. He began to prepare himself for a commission in the Royal Artillery, but the Crimean War coming abruptly to an end, no more officers were required. He was afterwards offered a commission in a line regiment, but refused it. However, he served in the 38th West York Militia and in the 3rd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, retiring with the rank of Major.

A Frenchman's Gratitude.

He passed what he calls the five most miserable years of his life as a clerk in the Privy Council. He obtained his freedom from that servitude by getting called to the Bar, after he had graduated at the London University.

"I don't suppose," says Mr. Gilbert, "that I got above a dozen briefs altogether, and some of them were purely honorary. In the first case I ever had my client was a Frenchman. My pleading was, somehow, successful—at any rate he won his case, and marked his appreciation of his counsel's ability by attempting to kiss me on both cheeks before the whole court. But that was the only fee I received from him."

On another occasion he defended a lady on a charge of pickpocketing. This time he was unsuccessful, and received nothing in the shape of a fee except the old lady's boot as she left the dock. This incident was embodied in an article in the "Cornhill Magazine," entitled, "My Maiden Brief," forty-one years ago.

A dozen briefs in four years would damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic barrister. Gilbert began to look round for some method of supplementing his income, and for many years used to write a weekly column in "Fun."

Never Again!

Luckily, at this time he made the acquaintance of Tom Robertson, Mrs. Kendal's brother, and the author of "Caste." Robertson was asked by Miss Herbert, of the St. James's Theatre, to write a Christmas piece. He was too busy to accept the commission, and he advised her to entrust the work to Mr. Gilbert. The result was a burlesque called "Dulcamara," which achieved a marked success. The day after the production Mr. Emden, Miss Herbert's treasurer, asked Mr. Gilbert how much he wanted for the piece. Mr. Gilbert, being totally inexperienced in such matters, suggested thirty guineas. "Oh," said Mr. Emden, "we never pay in guineas—make it pounds." Mr. Gilbert accordingly made it pounds, and Mr. Emden, handing him a cheque for the amount, said, "Now take an old stage's advice. Never sell as good a piece as this for £30 again." Mr. Gilbert has followed Mr. Emden's advice.

In his search for new plots and new ideas Mr. Gilbert has travelled over many lands.

His home is stocked with all sorts of knick-knacks picked up in every quarter of the globe. The most curious of these are to be found in his library. On the top of the bookcases are arranged seventy plaster-of-Paris heads representing almost every type of countenance to be met with in India. They

were brought home by Mr. Gilbert at a time when he was meditating an Indian opera.

Working among the faces would help him to give local colour to his characters. Besides, the masks would prove of the greatest assistance to his company in their making-up, in case he ever put his play into execution.

How He Got Ideas.

It is very interesting to learn that nearly all the subjects which Mr. Gilbert has dealt with so successfully in his comic operas have been mainly due to accident.

A leader in the "Times" on the subject of Mr. W. H. Smith's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty suggested the idea of "Pinalore."

"Mikado" was suggested by a huge Japanese executioner's sword which hung in Mr. Gilbert's library—the identical sword, by the way, which George Grossmith used to carry on the stage as Koko. The "Yeomen of the Guard" was suggested by the pictorial advertisement of the Tower Furnishing Company—which represents a Beef-eater in full panoply.

"When Sullivan and I first began to work together," says Mr. Gilbert, "the burlesque stage was sadly in need of a thorough cleaning. Our first determination was to see if we could not write a successful burlesque that was perfectly free from suggestiveness."

Not the least part of his success is undoubtedly due to his skill as a stage manager. In arranging his mise-en-scène he has a novel method of his own.

In his study there is a miniature stage. Little blocks of wood are made to represent the actors. These blocks are about three inches high, and are painted in various colours to show the different voices. After a fortnight's manipulation of his dummies, Mr. Gilbert used to go down to rehearsal with the proper position of every character in each scene thoroughly stamped on his brain.

Hissed Off the Stage.

Except at rehearsals Mr. Gilbert has not seen one of his own plays acted for years. It is commonly supposed that "first-nights" find him wandering on the Thames Embankment in an agony of suspense.

As a matter of fact, he stays smoking in his club till about eleven o'clock, when he strolls to the theatre to hear the verdict, and to see if there is "a call." One very curious and probably unprecedented distinction Mr. Gilbert can boast of. For twenty-four years his name was to be seen on the London playbills without a single break, until he severed his connection with the Savoy. According to Mr. Gilbert, merit and success are not synonymous. "It seems to be the fate," he says, "of a good piece to run for a few weeks, and a bad one a few years. One of the best things I ever wrote was a version of 'Faust,' which I called 'Gretchen,' but it only ran a couple of weeks. Another play of mine, 'The Vagabond,' was pronounced by the late Charles Reade and other competent critics to be a certain success, but it proved a most dismal frost. It was literally hissed off the stage."

"Curiously enough an American manager wrote to me and wanted to know my price for 'The Vagabond,' as he felt certain there were pots of money in it."

Always Helped Clover Beginners.

As a judge of form Mr. Gilbert is unequalled. He has a quick eye for detecting talent, and having detected it he never fails to encourage the possessor. Among those who have been helped by him to make their first appearances, may be mentioned the late Corney Grain, George Grossmith, George Grossmith, jun., Miss Jessie Bond, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. H. Lytton, Mr. and Mrs. Martin-Harvey, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Lily Hanbury, and many others.

In his "Trial by Jury," the part of the foreman was played by a gentleman whose share in the performance only amounted to a few lines, but whenever he opened his mouth the audience roared. The foreman was W. S. Penley.

Mr. Gilbert finds all his relaxation and hobbies at his home at Harrow Weald. Everything here bears witness to the versatility of the great librettist.

In his garden there is a small observatory, where the owner can indulge in his love of astronomy.

The hundred and ten acres which surround his house are devoted mainly to the interests of his thoroughbred Jerseys. He has constructed an artificial lake filled with rainbow trout.

A very interesting feature in the hall is a model of a man-of-war sixteen feet in length. It was specially constructed as a model for H.M.S. Pinalore.

Solid Evidence of Success.

One of Mr. Gilbert's most prized treasures is an ivory tankard of the fifteenth century carved out of a single tusk. It got broken some years ago. During the performance of "Comedy and Tragedy" a goblet was wanted for Miss Julia Neilson, the heroine. Mr. Gilbert rushed off in a cab to fetch his precious tankard. Miss Neilson entered into her part that she banged the valuable goblet on a table, with the result that it was badly damaged.

It is generally supposed that Mr. Gilbert's pen has brought him in more solid and tangible recognition than that of any other living dramatist. A favorite remark of his, as he posted the final instalment of a comic opera, used to be, "There goes twenty thousand pence, or twenty thousand pounds."

It may safely be said that the latter estimate was usually the more correct.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Not a Sargent Year—Mr. Charles Furse Carries Off the Palm.

YESTERDAY'S PRIVATE VIEW.

Yesterday was the private view at Burlington House. To-night the banquet is to be given. On Monday the doors will be opened to the world. After Monday, whenever there is an awkward pause in conversation at dinner, it can be filled up with, "I suppose you have been to the Academy. What do you think of it?"

For my part, when I am asked this question, I shall reply that it is a collection of pictures of suave and equable, if somewhat negative, uniformity. It is hard to find fault; it is equally possible to over praise. There are very few notable pictures, and very few bad ones. One can say, however, that the hanging has improved; there is some attempt at arrangement; the walls are no longer a wilderness of bewildering colour.

A Disappointment and a Surprise.

Mr. Sargent is becoming increasingly discreet in his portraiture; his courage seems to be deserting him. His large portrait (206) of the "Duchess of Sutherland" is almost demure in its treatment; so also is that of "Mrs. Wertheimer" (301).

To my thinking the large painting "Diana of the Uplands," by Mr. Charles Furse, the newly-elected Associate (222), is the most distinguished in the exhibition. A lady, high upon a hillside with a breezy sky overhead, is holding two hounds in leash. There is atmosphere; infinite sense of movement, and a gentler feeling and evidence of restraint than one sometimes finds in Mr. Furse's work. It is certainly Mr. Furse's highest achievement hitherto.

Among other portraits that will be noticed are Mr. Herkomer's "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P." (194), strong, if not particularly pleasant in texture; Mr. Sargent's large portrait of the Marquess of Londonderry (397); and a picture of his Majesty the King, by Mr. Weigall (660), which, as is always the case with the treatment of a scarlet uniform, is, to say the least, somewhat striking.

Likely To Be Popular.

There are the inevitable pageant pictures; Mr. W. Hatherell's glaring canvases, "The City Fathers Welcome to King Edward VII." (267) takes up an inordinate space, as also does Mr. Tom Roberts with his huge record of the opening of the first Federated Australian Parliament by the Prince of Wales (768).

Pictures that will be popular are Mr. Briton Riviere's decorative "Youth" (17), to which is appended a quotation from Chaucer, which readily explains the idea of the picture; the central panel of a veredol for the church of the Holy Trinity in Paris (561), by Mr. Abbey; the "Mrs. Kendal, Miss Terry, and Mr. Tree in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'" (470), by the Hon. John Collier, and Mr. Bacon's very lifelike portrait (496) of Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Sir Edward Poynter's polished little picture, "The Nymph's Bathing Place" (141), is pleasantly conventional, as also is the "Moses Looking Towards the Promised Land" (553), by Sir W. B. Richmond. Mr. Sigismund Goetze's allegorical picture, "Despised and Rejected of Men" (526), skillfully painted as it is, will attract much attention. Whether the subject and treatment of the allegory are in good taste or not—that is a matter of individual opinion.

Mr. Watts to the Fore.

Among the landscapes the most notable are Mr. Walter Downe's "Golden Dawn" (176) and Mr. East's large canvases, "The End of the Vintage, Rhone Valley" (786), which is full of life and colour.

Of the smaller pictures mention may be made of Mr. Mouat Loudoun's quite charming "Mirror" (772); Mr. Macbeth's Italian study, "The Minstrel's Silent Song" (627); Mr. Jarman's pretty fantastic "Orpheus and the Naiads" (681); and an animal study, "An Intruder" (599) by Mr. Stretton.

Mr. G. F. Watts's great statue, "Physical Energy"—a youth upon a huge horse—stands in the quadrangle for all to see. The idea has been conceived in the spirit of the highest dignity by Mr. Watts, and the work has something of the epic in it. The sculpture generally—excepting Mr. Alfred Turner's "Labour" (1,667)—is not equal to the average of the past few years; the water-colours, too, are of no striking merit.

Among the miniatures, the portraits of "Mrs. Leonard Avery," by Viscountess Maitland (1,128), and those of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, by Miss Gertrude Massey (1,133) seem to be the most successful in execution. As portraits they are certainly excellent.

NOTABLE PEOPLE—PRETTY DRESSES.

There were a great many people at the private view. All day yesterday the rooms were more or less full. It is not so much of a function as it used to be, but still there were many well-known faces to be seen. Among them were those of the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Warwick, with Master Maynard Greville, Lady Galway and Miss Violet Monkton, Lord and Lady Granby, Sir Francis Jeune, Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay, with beautiful Miss Ruby Lindsay, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Sir Squire Bancroft, Lord Greenock, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. George Alexander, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

Most of the prettiest dresses were of grey, made very full round the waist. The hat tied under the chin was also a noticeable feature of which the suburban visitor took due note.

Reflections.

If articles in reviews were a fair test of national feeling, we might reckon upon war between Britain and Germany breaking out very shortly. In Berlin a well-known professor is writing about the danger of the world becoming British, and declaring that Germany must strengthen her fleets so as to prevent it. On our side, you will find an article in the "National Review" for May called "The Menace of the German Navy," recommending us to build more ships as quickly as possible. Fortunately, there is no ground for thinking that either we or the Germans have any wish to fight, so we can continue to sleep o' nights undisturbed by the war bogey.

"That song is very difficult to sing," a lady once told Dr. Johnson. "Would to God, madam, it were impossible," was the unexpected reply. I feel inclined to repeat the Doctor's wish when I read the tobaccoists' statement that the Budget will make it hard for them to sell cigarettes so cheaply as they have done of late. The sale of penny packets amounts up now to a hundred millions a week. It would be far better for the community if there were no penny packets at all. They are bad for the urchins who puff them, and their smell is most offensive to other people. To abolish them I would willingly see the tobacco duty still higher raised.

"When you attribute childless marriages to a deeper sense of parental responsibility, you are wrong," writes "A London Vicar." "They are due, on the contrary, to the utter selfishness of so many modern women. The rich man's wife does not want her pleasures interfered with. The middle-class woman knows that, if she had babies, she would have less money to spend on dress. It is only among the lower classes, which have no pleasures and no 'clothes vanity,' that children abound. The population is declining because motherhood is looked upon, not as a blessing, but as a nuisance."

The other day a bootmaker complained that he was doing badly because people rode about so much in trains, trams, and omnibuses. Now there comes from Manchester a suggestion that to this cause is due our national deterioration. Cheap fares, it is said, are a positive curse, for they discourage walking, and want of exercise leads to physical decay. There is something in this, but the difficulty with most people is to find time to walk. If they have a long way to go between their home and their work, they must ride. The quicker and cheaper we make means of communication, therefore, the more opportunities they will have of taking exercise after they have got home.

Poplar has revolted against the Sunday muffin-bell. But why stop short at Sundays? And why not include in a general prohibition all the horrid noises which make life in cities so unpleasant? For my part, I would sooner have to endure the muffin-bell's modest tinkle than the hoarse roar of the coal-vendor or the raucous bellow of the "all-a-blowing-and-a-growing" miscreant. Making offensive sounds in public ought to be stopped altogether, whether they issue from human throats or from metal instruments (especially cornets) or from vehicles insufficiently provided with springs and silent tyres.

Father Higley, of Stepey, who is now chairman of the local guardians, has "a way with him" which reminds one of Father o' Flynn. He talks excellent common sense when he says that happiness depends upon good cooking. The mind cannot be at ease if the body is subject to the tortures of indigestion, and indigestion is caused in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases by nothing but bad cooking. If the clergy generally would only teach that to cook badly is sinful as well as stupid, they might do much to make this world a happier place.

Here is another view of the tax on bachelors proposed—*from Mr. George Porter, Bamborough House, Richmond.*

If it were not for bachelor Uncle Johns and maiden Aunt Marys (Mr. Porter says) half the married people and their children would be in the workhouse. "Deuce take it! I have bought more mangles and buried more children than any man in the parish," said an old bachelor uncle of mine. The most incapable members of our family are always married, and it is then that Uncle John and Aunt Mary come in.

The comparison that has been instituted by a north-country newspaper between the figures of middle-aged English and middle-aged American women might have been extended to their complexions as well. The average American mother is not only bulky, but unlovely of skin. The majority of Englishwomen keep both their trim shape and their delicate freshness of face. Climate has a good deal to do with this. Grumble as we may at ours, it must have good and lasting complexion put down to it on the credit side.

